

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume XL.

No. 2003.—November 11, 1882.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CLV.

## CONTENTS.

I. MISS EDGEWORTH, . . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i> . . . . .	323
II. THE LADIES LINDORES. Part XIII., . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	338
III. ENGLISH: ITS ANCESTORS, ITS PROGENY, . . . .	<i>Fraser's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	345
IV. ROBIN. By Mrs. Parr, author of "Adam and Eve." Conclusion, . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i> . . . . .	355
V. MR. MORLEY'S VALEDICTORY, . . . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review,</i> . . . . .	363
VI. SHAKESPEARE ON DEATH, . . . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . . . .	369
VII. AMERICAN NOVELS. Part II., . . . .	<i>London Times,</i> . . . . .	372
VIII. PATRIOTIC POETRY, . . . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i> . . . . .	376
IX. OVID, AN APOLOGIA, . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i> . . . . .	381

## POETRY.

LOVE-SONG, . . . . .	322	SONNET, . . . . .	322
SONGLESS, . . . . .	322		

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## LOVE-SONG.

ERE the lovely dream is broken, ere the glamor  
fades away,  
Ere the tender mists of morning melt beneath  
the perfect day;  
While yet around the shrine we kneel at, lin-  
gers the sweet rosy glow,  
And the music keeps true measure; darling,  
let me go!

Though my foot shrinks back in terror, from  
the path that I must tread,  
Where dim ghosts each step are haunting, and  
the cloud frowns overhead;  
Though my hand clings wildly to it; the fond  
clasp whose strength I know,  
Though my heart half breaks to say it; darling,  
let me go!

Aye, the true eyes look undaunted, down the  
future's devious way,  
And the soul of faith is thrilling in each ear-  
nest word you say;  
But the sad eye of experience sees beneath  
youth's radiant glow,  
Slow and sure Time works his mission; darling,  
let me go!

Worse than all, ay, worse than parting, tho'  
the word knells like despair,  
To watch the flower closely, fondly, and find  
the sign of canker there;  
To read the first faint touch of languor; the  
first impatient chafe to know!  
Ere you feel the chain you cherish; darling,  
let me go!

Dearest, truest, loved so fondly, loved with  
passion never told,  
Better death itself than feeling touch grow  
careless, tone ring cold,  
While the light is fullest, freest, of the bliss I  
treasure so,  
While my idol is mine only; darling, let me  
go!

Let me go, yet not forget me, all too weak to  
lose it quite,  
It, the glory and the gladness, flooding every  
sense in light;  
Love itself, in youth's sweet potency, scarce  
could firmer faith bestow,  
Yet, just because I love so dearly; darling, let  
me go!

All The Year Round.

## SONGLESS.

SWEET little maid, whose golden-rippled head  
Between me and my grief its beauty rears,  
With quick demand for song—all singing's  
dead;  
My heart is sad; mine eyes are dimmed with  
tears.

Oh, ask me not for songs! I cannot sing;  
My ill-tuned notes would do sweet music  
wrong;  
I have no smile to greet the laughing spring,  
No voice to join in summer's tide of song.

More from October's dying glory takes  
My heart its hymn; and fuller sympathy  
Finds with the autumn hurricane that makes  
The forest one convulsive agony.

Or, when the last brown leaves in winter fall,  
While all the world in grim frost-fetters lies,  
I envy them the snowflake's gentle pall,  
That hides their sorrows from the frowning  
skies.

Methinks it would be sweet like them to rest,  
O'er life's mad scepce to pull the curtain  
down;  
Rest, where no weary dream will pierce the  
breast,  
Of perished love or unfulfilled renown:

No weariness of patient work uncrowned  
By its reward; no early hopes destroyed;  
No vain desires, nor thing desired and found  
Void of enjoyment when at last enjoyed.

Perchance when mist of intervening years  
Softens the past—as oft at close of day  
The far grim range all beautiful appears,  
Kissed into brightness by the sunset ray—

When the sharp pang of bitter memories born,  
Has lost its sting, and this my present pain  
Shows like some ill dream in the light of morn,  
I'll sing thee o'er the olden songs again.  
Chambers' Journal. R. W. BOND.

## SONNET.

As some vast rock just parted from the shore  
By little space of dimly shadowed wave,  
Seemeth to mock the angry storms that lave  
Its strong dark breast that doth not heed the  
war,  
Nor care for all the fearful seas that pour  
Their waters o'er it, as if ocean strave  
To draw him down to an uneasy grave  
Never to see the sunshine any more;  
So would I, standing in life's bitter sea,  
In life's most awful moments of despair,  
Stand by unmoved a little from the land;  
Safe in mine own heart's peace, my heart  
should be,  
And that wild sea that rages round should  
bear  
My burden for me; if my home but stand.

All The Year Round.

From The Cornhill Magazine.  
MISS EDGEWORTH.  
EARLY DAYS.

## I.

FEW authoresses in these days can have enjoyed the ovations and attentions which seem to have been considered the due of distinguished ladies at the end of the last century and the beginning of this one. To read the accounts of the receptions and compliments which fell to their lot may well fill later and lesser luminaries with envy. Crowds opened to admit them, banquets spread themselves out before them, lights were lighted up and flowers were scattered at their feet. Dukes, editors, prime ministers, awaited their convenience on their staircases; whole theatres rose up *en masse* to greet the gifted creators of this and that immortal tragedy. The authoresses themselves, to do them justice, seem to have been very little dazzled by all this excitement. Hannah More contentedly retires with her maiden sisters to the Parnassus on the Mendip Hills, where they sew and chat and make tea and teach the village children. Dear Joanna Baillie, modest and beloved, lives on to peaceful age in her pretty old house at Hampstead, looking through treetops and sunshine and clouds towards distant London. "Out there, where all the storms are," I heard the children saying yesterday as they watched the overhanging gloom of smoke which veils the city of metropolitan thunders and lightning. Maria Edgeworth's apparitions as a literary lioness in the rush of London and of Paris society were but interludes in her existence, and her real life was one of constant exertion and industry spent far away in an Irish home among her own kindred and occupations and interests. We may realize what these were when we read that Mr. Edgeworth had no less than four wives, who all left children, and that Maria was 'the eldest daughter of the whole family. Besides this, we must also remember that the father whom she idolized was himself a man of extraordinary powers, brilliant in conversation (so I have been told), full of animation, of interest, of plans for his country, his family, for education and lit-

erature, for mechanics and scientific discoveries; that he was a gentleman widely connected, hospitably inclined, with a large estate and many tenants to overlook, with correspondence and acquaintances all over the world; and, besides all this, with various schemes in his brain, to be eventually realized by others, of which velocipedes, tramways, and telegraphs were but a few of the items.

One could imagine that under these circumstances the hurry and excitement of London life must have sometimes seemed tranquillity itself compared with the many and absorbing interests of such a family. What these interests were may be gathered from the pages of a very interesting memoir from which the writer of this essay has been allowed to quote. It is a book privately printed and written for the use of her children by the widow of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, and is a record, among other things, of a faithful and most touching friendship between Maria and her father's wife — "a friendship lasting for over fifty years, and unbroken by a single cloud of difference or mistrust." Mrs. Edgeworth, who was Miss Beaufort before her marriage, and about the same age as Miss Edgeworth, unconsciously reveals her own most charming and unselfish nature as she tells her stepdaughter's story.

When the writer looks back upon her own childhood, it seems to her that she lived in company with a delightful host of little playmates, bright, busy, clever children, whose cheerful presence remains more vividly in her mind than that of many of the real little boys and girls who used to appear and disappear disconnectedly as children do in childhood, when friendship and companionship depend almost entirely upon the convenience of grown-up people. Now and again came little cousins or friends to share our games, but day by day, constant and unchanging, ever to be relied upon, smiled our most lovable and friendly companions — simple Susan, lame Jervas, Talbot, the dear Little Merchants, Jem the widow's son with his arms round old Lightfoot's neck, the generous Ben, with his whipcord and his useful proverb of "Waste not,

want not" — all of these were there in the window corner waiting our pleasure. After "Parents' Assistant," to which familiar words we attached no meaning whatever, came "Popular Tales" in big brown volumes off a shelf in the lumber-room of an apartment in an old house in Paris, and as we opened the boards, lo! creation widened to our view. England, Ireland, America, Turkey, the mines of Golconda, the streets of Bagdad, thieves, travellers, governesses, natural philosophy, and fashionable life, were all laid under contribution, and brought interest and adventure to our humdrum nursery corner. All Mr. Edgeworth's varied teaching and experience, all his daughter's genius of observation, came to interest and delight our play-time, and that of a thousand other little children in different parts of the world. People justly praise Miss Edgeworth's admirable stories and novels, but from prejudice and early association these beloved childish histories seem unequalled still, and it is chiefly as a writer for children that we venture to consider her here. Some of the stories are indeed little idylls in their way. Walter Scott, who best knew how to write for the young so as to charm grandfathers as well as Hugh Littlejohn, Esq., and all the grandchildren, is said to have wiped his kind eyes as he put down "Simple Susan." A child's book, says a reviewer of those days defining in the *Quarterly Review*, should be "not merely less dry, less difficult, than a book for grown-up people; but more rich in interest, more true to nature, more exquisite in art, more abundant in every quality that replies to childhood's keener and fresher perception." Children like facts, they like short, vivid sentences that tell the story: as they listen intently, so they read; every word has its value for them. It has been a real surprise to the writer to find, on re-reading some of these descriptions of scenery and adventure which she had not looked at since her childhood, that the details which she had imagined spread over much space, are contained in a few sentences at the beginning of a page. These sentences, however, show the true art of the writer.

It would be difficult to imagine anything better suited to the mind of a very young person than these pleasant stories, so complete in themselves, so interesting, so varied. The description of Jervas's escape from the mine where the miners had plotted his destruction, almost rises to poetry in its simple diction. Lame Jervas has warned his master of the miners' plot, and shown him the vein of ore which they have concealed. The miners have sworn vengeance against him, and his life is in danger. His master helps him to get away, and comes into the room before daybreak, bidding him rise and put on the clothes which he has brought. "I followed him out of the house before anybody else was awake, and he took me across the fields towards the high road. At this place we waited till we heard the tinkling of the bells of a team of horses. 'Here comes the wagon,' said he, 'in which we are to go. So fare you well, Jervas. I shall hear how you go on; and I only hope you will serve your next master, whoever he may be, as faithfully as you have served me.' 'I shall never find so good a master,' was all I could say for the soul of me; I was quite overcome by his goodness and sorrow at parting with him, as I then thought, forever." The description of the journey is very pretty. "The morning clouds began to clear away; I could see my master at some distance, and I kept looking after him as the wagon went on slowly, and he walked fast away over the fields." Then the sun begins to rise. The wagoner goes on whistling, but lame Jervas, to whom the rising sun was a spectacle wholly surprising, starts up, exclaiming in wonder and admiration. The wagoner bursts into a loud laugh. "Lud a marcy," says he, "to hear un' and look at un' a body would think the oaf had never seen the sun rise afore;" upon which Jervas remembers that he is still in Cornwall, and must not betray himself, and prudently hides behind some parcels, only just in time, for they meet a party of miners, and he hears his enemies' voice hailing the wagoner. All the rest of the day he sits within, and amuses himself by listening to the bells of the team, which jingle continually.



"On our second day's journey, however, I ventured out of my hiding-place. I walked with the waggoner up and down the hills, enjoying the fresh air, the singing of the birds, and the delightful smell of the honeysuckles and the dog-roses in the hedges. All the wild flowers and even the weeds on the banks by the wayside were to me matters of wonder and admiration. At almost every step I paused to observe something that was new to me, and I could not help feeling surprised at the insensibility of my fellow-traveller, who plodded along, and seldom interrupted his whistling except to cry, 'Gee Blackbird, aw woa,' or 'How now, Smiler.'" Then Jervas is lost in admiration before a plant "whose stem was about two feet high, and which had a round, shining, purple, beautiful flower," and the waggoner, with a look of scorn exclaims, "Help thee, lad, dost not thou know 'tis a common thistle?" After this he looks upon Jervas as very nearly an idiot. "In truth I believe I was a droll figure, for my hat was stuck full of weeds and of all sorts of wild flowers, and both my coat and waistcoat pockets were stuffed out with pebbles and funguses." Then comes Plymouth Harbor: Jervas ventures to ask some questions about the vessels, to which the waggoner answers, "They be nothing in life but the boats and ships, man;" so he turned away and went on chewing a straw, and seemed not a whit more moved to admiration than he had been at the sight of the thistle. "I conceived a high admiration of a man who had seen so much that he could admire nothing," says Jervas, with a touch of real humor.

Another most charming little idyll is that of "Simple Susan," who was a real maiden living in the neighborhood of Edgeworthstown. The story seems to have been mislaid for a time in the stirring events of the first Irish rebellion, and overlooked, like some little daisy by a battle-field. Few among us will not have shared Mr. Edgeworth's partiality for the charming little tale. The children fling their garlands and gather their scented violets. Susan bakes her cottage loaves and gathers marigolds for broth,

and tends her mother to the distant tune of Philip's pipe coming across the fields. As we read the story again it seems as if we could almost hear the music sounding above the children's voices, and the bleating of the lamb, and scent the fragrance of the primroses and the double violets, so simply and delightfully is the whole story constructed. Among all Miss Edgeworth's characters few are more familiar to the world than that of Susan's pretty pet lamb.

## II.

No sketch of Maria Edgeworth's life, however slight, would be complete without a few words about certain persons coming a generation before her (and belonging still to the age of periwigs), who were her father's associates and her own earliest friends. Notwithstanding all that has been said of Mr. Edgeworth's bewildering versatility of nature, he seems to have been singularly faithful in his friendships. He might take up new ties, but he clung pertinaciously to those which had once existed. His daughter inherited that same steadiness of affection. The wisest man of our own day writing of these very people has said, "There is, perhaps, no safer test of a man's real character than that of his long-continued friendship with good and able men. Now Mr. Edgeworth, the father of Maria Edgeworth the authoress, asserts, after mentioning the names of Keir, Day, Small, Boulton, Watt, Wedgewood, and Darwin, that their mutual intimacy has never been broken except by death. To these names those of Edgeworth himself and of the Galtons may be added. The correspondence in my possession shows the truth of the above assertion."

Mr. Edgeworth first came to Lichfield to make Mr. Darwin's acquaintance. His second visit was to his friend Mr. Day, the author of "Sandford and Merton," who had taken a house in the valley of Stow, and who invited him one Christmas on a visit. "About the year 1765," says Miss Seward, "came to Lichfield, from the neighborhood of Reading, the young and gay philosopher, Mr. Edgeworth; a man of fortune, and recently married to a

Miss Elers, of Oxfordshire. The fame of Mr. Darwin's varied talents allured Mr. E. to the city they graced." And the lady goes on to describe Mr. Edgeworth himself: "Scarcely two-and-twenty, with an exterior yet more juvenile, having mathematic science, mechanic ingenuity, and a competent portion of classical learning, with the possession of modern languages. . . . He danced, he fenced, he winged his arrows with more than philosophic skill," continues the lady, herself a person of no little celebrity in her time and place. Mr. Edgeworth, in his memoirs, pays a respectful tribute to Miss Seward's charms, to her agreeable conversation, her beauty, her thick tresses, her sprightliness and address. Such moderate expressions fail, however, to do justice to this lady's powers, to her enthusiasm, her poetry, her partisanship. The portrait prefixed to her letters is that of a dignified person with an oval face and dark eyes, the thick, brown tresses are twined with pearls, her graceful figure is robed in the softest furs and draperies of the period. In her very first letter she thus poetically describes her surroundings: "The autumnal glory of this day puts to shame the summer's sullenness. I sit writing upon this dear green terrace, feeding at intervals my little golden-breasted songsters. The embosomed vale of Stow glows sunny through the Claude-Lorraine tint which is spread over the scene like the blue mist over a plum."

In this Claude-Lorraine-plum-tinted valley stood the house which Mr. Day had taken, and where Mr. Edgeworth had come on an eventful visit. Miss Seward herself lived with her parents in the bishop's palace at Lichfield. There was also a younger sister, "Miss Sally," who died as a girl, and another very beautiful young lady their friend, by name Honora Sneyd, placed under Mrs. Seward's care. She was the heroine of Major André's unhappy romance. He too lived at Lichfield with his mother, and his hopeless love gives a tragic reality to this by-gone holiday of youth and merry-making. As one reads the old letters and memoirs the echoes of its laughter reach us. One can almost see the young folks all coming together out of the Cathedral Close, where so much of it was passed; the beautiful Honora, surrounded by friends and adorers, chaperoned by the graceful muse her senior, also much admired, and much made of. Thomas Day is striding after them in silence with keen, critical glances; his long, black locks flow unpowdered

down his back. In contrast to him comes his brilliant and dressy companion, Mr. Edgeworth, who talks so agreeably. I can imagine little Sabrina, the adopted foundling, of whom so many stories have been told, following shyly at her guardian's side in her simple dress and childish beauty, and André's young, handsome face turned towards Miss Sneyd. So they pass on happy and contented in each other's company, Honora in the midst, beautiful, stately, reserved: she too was not destined to be old.

Miss Seward seems to have loved this friend with a very sincere and admiring affection, and to have bitterly mourned her early death. Her letters abound in apostrophes to the lost Honora. But perhaps the poor muse expected too much from friendship, too much from life. She expected, as we all do at times, that her friends should be not themselves but her, that they should lead not their lives but her own. So much at least one may gather from the various phases of her style and correspondence, and her complaints of Honora's estrangement and subsequent coldness. Perhaps, also, Miss Seward's many vagaries and sentiments may have frozen Honora's sympathies. Miss Seward was all asterisks and notes of exclamation. Honora seems to have forced feeling down to its most scrupulous expression. She never lived to be softened by experience: with great love she also inspired awe and a sort of surprise. One can imagine her pointing the moral of the purple jar, as it was told long afterwards by her stepdaughter, then a little girl playing at her own mother's knee in her nursery by the river.

People in the days of shilling postage were better correspondents than they are now when we have to be content with pennyworths. Their descriptions and many details bring all the chief characters vividly before us, and carry us into the hearts and pocketbooks of the little society at Lichfield as it then was. The town must have been an agreeable sojourn in those days for people of some pretension and small performance; a pleasant, lively company living round about the old cathedral towers, meeting in the Close or the adjacent gardens or the hospitable palace itself. Here the company would sip tea, talk mild literature, quoting Dr. Johnson to one another with the familiarity of townsmen. From Erasmus Darwin, too, they must have gained something of vigor and originality. The inhabitants of Lichfield seem actually to have read

each other's verses, and having done so to have taken the trouble to sit down and write out their raptures.

With all her absurdities Miss Seward had some real critical power and appreciation; and some of her lines are very pretty.\* An "Ode to the Sun" is only what might have been expected from this Lichfield Corinne. Her best-known productions are an "Elegy on Captain Cook," a "Monody on Major André," whom she had known from her early youth; and there is a poem "Louisa," of which she herself speaks very highly. But even more than her poetry did she pique herself upon her epistolary correspondence. It must have been well worth while writing letters when they were not only prized by the writer and the recipients, but commented on by their friends in after years. "Court Dewes, Esq.," writes, after five years, for copies of Miss Seward's epistles to Miss Rogers and Miss Weston, of which the latter begins: "Soothing and welcome to me, dear Sophia, is the regret you express for our separation! Pleasant were the weeks we have recently passed together in this ancient and embowered mansion! I had strongly felt the silence and vacancy of the depriving day on which you vanished. How prone are our hearts perversely to quarrel with the friendly coercion of employment at the very instant in which it is clearing the torpid and injurious mists of unavailing melancholy." Then follows a sprightly attack before which Johnson may have quailed indeed. "Is the Fe-fa-fum of literature that snuffs afar the fame of his brother authors, and thirsts for its destruction, to be allowed to gallop unmolested over the fields of criticism? A few pebbles from the well-springs of truth and eloquence are all that is wanted to bring the might of his envy low." This celebrated letter, which may stand as a specimen of the whole six volumes, concludes with the following apostrophe:—"Virtuous friendship, how pure, how sacred are thy delights! Sophia, thy mind is capable of tasting them in all their poignance: against how many of life's incidents may that capacity be considered as a counterpoise!"

\* In a notice of Miss Seward in the *Annual Register*, just after her death in 1809, the writer, who seems to have known her, says, "Conscious of ability, she freely displayed herself in a manner equally remote from annoyance and affectation. . . . Her errors arose from a glowing imagination joined to an excessive sensibility, cherished instead of repressed by early habits. It is understood that she has left the whole of her works to Mr. Scott, the northern poet, with a view to their publication with her life and posthumous pieces."

There were constant rubs, which are not to be wondered at, between Miss Seward and Dr. Darwin, who though a poet was also a singularly witty, downright man, outspoken and humorous. The lady admires his genius, bitterly resents his sarcasms; of his celebrated work, "The Botanic Garden," she says, "It is a string of poetic brilliants, and they are of the first water, but the eye will be apt to want the interstitial black velvet to give effect to their lustre." In later days, notwithstanding her "elegant language," as Mr. Charles Darwin calls it, she said several spiteful things of her old friend, but they seem more prompted by private pique than malice.

If Miss Seward was the Minerva and Dr. Darwin the Jupiter of the Lichfield society, its philosopher was Thomas Day, of whom Miss Seward's description is so good that I cannot help one more quotation:—

"Powder and fine clothes were at that time the appendages of gentlemen; Mr. Day wore not either. He was tall and stooped in the shoulders, full made but not corpulent, and in his meditative and melancholy air a degree of awkwardness and dignity were blended." She then compares him with his guest, Mr. Edgeworth. "Less graceful, less amusing, less brilliant than Mr. E., but more highly imaginative, more classical, and a deeper reasoner; strict integrity, energetic friendship, open-handed generosity, and diffusive charity, greatly overbalanced on the side of virtue, the tincture of misanthropic gloom and proud contempt of common-life society." Wright, of Derby, painted a full-length picture of Mr. Day in 1770. "Mr. Day looks upward enthusiastically, meditating on the contents of a book held in his dropped right hand . . . a flash of lightning plays in his hair and illuminates the contents of the volume." "Dr. Darwin," adds Miss Seward, "sat to Mr. Wright about the same period—that was a simply contemplative portrait of the most perfect resemblance."

### III.

MARIA must have been three years old this eventful Christmas time when her father, leaving his wife in Berkshire, came to stay with Mr. Day at Lichfield, and first made the acquaintance of Miss Seward and her poetic circle. Mr. Day, who had once already been disappointed in love, and whose romantic scheme of adopting his foundlings, and of educating one of them to be his wife, has often been

described, had brought one of the maidens to the house he had taken at Lichfield. This was Sabrina, as he had called her. Lucretia, having been found troublesome, had been sent off with a dowry to be apprenticed to a milliner. Sabrina was a charming little girl of thirteen; everybody liked her, especially the friendly ladies at the palace, who received her with constant kindness, as they did Mr. Day himself and his visitor. What Miss Seward thought of Sabrina's education I do not know. The poor child was to be taught to despise luxury, to ignore fear, to be superior to pain. She appears, however, to have been very fond of her benefactor, but to have constantly provoked him by starting and screaming whenever he fired uncharged pistols at her skirts, or dropped hot, melted sealing-wax on her bare arms. She is described as lovely and artless, not fond of books, incapable of understanding scientific problems, or of keeping the imaginary and terrible secrets with which her guardian used to try her nerves. I do not know if it had yet occurred to him that Honora Sneyd was all that his dreams could have imagined. One day he left Sabrina under many restrictions, and returning unexpectedly found her wearing some garment or handkerchief of which he did not approve. Poor Sabrina was evidently not meant to mate and soar with philosophical eagles; and, after this episode, she too was despatched, to board with an old lady, in peace for a time, let us hope, and in tranquil mediocrity.

Mr. Edgeworth approved of this arrangement; he did not consider that Sabrina was suited to his friend. But being taken in due time to call at the palace, he was charmed with Miss Seward, and still more by all he saw of Honora; comparing her, alas! in his mind "with all other women, and secretly acknowledging her superiority." At first, he says, Miss Seward's brilliance overshadowed Honora, but very soon her merits grew upon the bystanders.

Mr. Edgeworth carefully concealed his feelings except from his host, who was beginning himself to contemplate a marriage with Miss Sneyd. Mr. Day presently proposed formally in writing for the hand of the lovely Honora, and Mr. Edgeworth was to take the packet and to bring back the answer; and being married himself, and out of the running, he appears to have been unselfishly anxious for his friend's success. In the packet Mr. Day had written down the conditions

to which he should expect his wife to subscribe. She would have to give up all luxuries, amenities, and intercourse with the world, and promise to seclude herself in his company. Miss Sneyd seems to have kept Mr. Edgeworth waiting while she wrote back at once and decidedly, saying that she could not admit the unqualified control of a husband over all her actions, nor the necessity for "seclusion from society to preserve female virtue." Finding that Honora absolutely refused to change her way of life, Mr. Day went into a fever, for which Dr. Darwin bled him. Nor did he recover until another Miss Sneyd, Elizabeth by name, made her appearance in the Close.

Mr. Edgeworth, who was of a lively and active disposition, had introduced archery among the gentlemen of the neighborhood, and he describes a fine summer evening's entertainment, passed in agreeable sports, followed by dancing and music, in the course of which Honora's sister, Miss Elizabeth, appeared for the first time on the Lichfield scene, and immediately joined in the country dance. There is a vivid description of the two sisters in Mr. Edgeworth's memoirs, of the beautiful and distinguished Honora, loving science, serious, eager, reserved; of the more lovely but less graceful Elizabeth, with less of energy, more of humor and of social gifts than her sister. Elizabeth Sneyd was, says Edgeworth, struck by Day's eloquence, by his unbounded generosity, by his scorn of wealth. His educating a young girl for his wife seemed to her romantic and extraordinary; and she seems to have thought it possible to yield to the evident admiration she had aroused in him. But, whether in fun or in seriousness, she represented to him that he could not with justice decry accomplishments and graces that he had not acquired. She wished him to go abroad for a time to study to perfect himself in all that was wanting; on her own part she promised not to go to Bath, London, or any public place of amusement until his return, and to read certain books which he recommended.

Meanwhile Mr. Edgeworth had made no secret of his own feeling for Honora to Mr. Day, "who with all the eloquence of virtue and of friendship" had urged him to fly, to accompany him abroad, and to shun dangers he could not hope to overcome. Edgeworth consented to this proposal, and the two friends started for Paris, visiting Rousseau on their way. They spent the winter at Lyons, as it was

a place where excellent masters of all sorts were to be found; and here Mr. Day, with excess of zeal —

put himself (says his friend) to every species of torture, ordinary and extraordinary, to compel his Antigallican limbs, in spite of their natural rigidity, to dance and fence, and manage the *great horse*. To perform his promise to Miss E. Sneyd honorably, he gave up seven or eight hours of the day to these exercises, for which he had not the slightest taste, and for which, except horsemanship, he manifested the most sovereign contempt. It was astonishing to behold the energy with which he persevered in these pursuits. I have seen him stand between two boards which reached from the ground higher than his knees: these boards were adjusted with screws so as barely to permit him to bend his knees, and to rise up and sink down. By these means Mr. Huise proposed to force Mr. Day's knees outwards; but screwing was in vain. He succeeded in torturing his patient; but original formation and inveterate habit resisted all his endeavors at personal improvement. I could not help pitying my philosophic friend, pent up in durance vile for hours together, with his feet in the stocks, a book in his hand, and contempt in his heart.

Mr. Edgeworth meanwhile lodged himself "in excellent and agreeable apartments," and occupied himself with engineering. He is certainly curiously outspoken in his memoirs; and explains that the first Mrs. Edgeworth, Maria's mother, with many merits was of a complaining disposition, and did not make him so happy at home as a woman of a more lively temper might have succeeded in doing. He was tempted, he said, to look for happiness elsewhere than in his home. Perhaps domestic affairs may have been complicated by a warm-hearted but troublesome little son, who at Day's suggestion had been brought up upon the Rousseau system, and was in consequence quite unmanageable, and a trouble to everybody. Poor Mrs. Edgeworth's complainings were not to last very long. She joined her husband at Lyons, and after a time, having a dread of lying-in abroad, returned home to die in her confinement, leaving four little children. Maria could remember being taken into her mother's room to see her for the last time.

Mr. Edgeworth hurried back to England, and was met by his friend Thomas Day, who had preceded him, and whose own suit does not seem to have prospered meanwhile. His first words were to tell his friend that Honora was still free, more beautiful than ever; while virtue and hon-

or commanded it, he had done all he could to divide them, now he wished to be the first to promote their meeting. The meeting resulted in an engagement, and Mr. Edgeworth and Miss Sneyd were married within four months by the benevolent old canon in the Lady Chapel of Lichfield Cathedral.

Mrs. Seward wept; Miss Seward, "notwithstanding some imaginary dissatisfaction about a bridesmaid," was really glad of the marriage, we are told; and the young couple immediately went over to Ireland.

#### IV.

THOUGH her life was so short, Honora Edgeworth seems to have made the deepest impression on all those she came across. Over little Maria she had the greatest influence. There is a pretty description of the child standing lost in wondering admiration of her stepmother's beauty, as she watched her soon after her marriage dressing at her toilet-table. Little Maria's feeling for her stepmother was very deep and real, and the influence of those few years lasted for a lifetime. Her own exquisite carefulness she always ascribed to it, and to this example may also be attributed her habits of order and self-government, her life of reason and deliberate judgment.

The seven years of Honora's married life seem to have been very peaceful and happy. She shared her husband's pursuits, and wished for nothing outside her own home. She began with him to write those little books which were afterwards published. It is just a century ago since she and Mr. Edgeworth planned the early histories of Harry and Lucy and Frank; while Mr. Day began his "Sandford and Merton," which at first was intended to appear at the same time, though eventually the third part was not published till 1789.

As a girl of seventeen Honora Sneyd had once been threatened with consumption. After seven years of married life the cruel malady again declared itself; and though Dr. Darwin did all that human resource could do, and though every tender care was lavished, the poor young lady rapidly sank. There is a sad, prim, most affecting little letter, addressed to little Maria by the dying woman shortly before the end; and then comes that one written by the father, which is to tell her that all is over.

If Mr. Edgeworth was certainly unfortunate in losing again and again the hap-



piness of his home, he was more fortunate than most people in being able to rally from his grief. He does not appear to have been unfaithful in feeling. Years after, Edgeworth, writing to console Mrs. Day upon her husband's death, speaks in the most touching way of all he had suffered when Honora died, and of the struggle he had made to regain his hold of life. This letter is in curious contrast to that one written at the time, as he sits by poor Honora's deathbed, which reads strangely cold and irrelevant in these days when people are not ashamed of feeling or of describing what they feel. "Continue, my dear daughter" — he writes to Maria, who was then thirteen years old — "the desire which you feel of becoming amiable, prudent, and of use. The ornamental parts of a character, with such an understanding as yours, necessarily ensue; but true judgment and sagacity in the choice of friends, and the regulation of your behavior, can be only had from reflection, and from being thoroughly convinced of what experience in general teaches too late, that to be happy we must be good."

"Such a letter, written at such a time," says the kind biographer, "made the impression it was intended to convey; and the wish to act up to the high opinion her father had formed of her character became an exciting and controlling power over the whole of Maria's future life." On her deathbed, Honora urged her husband to marry again, and assured him that the woman to suit him was her sister Elizabeth. Her influence was so great upon them both that, although Elizabeth was attached to some one else, and Mr. Edgeworth believed she was little suited to himself, they were presently engaged and married, not without many difficulties. The result proved how rightly Honora had judged.

It was to her father that Maria owed the suggestion of her first start in literature. Immediately after Honora's death he tells her to write a tale about the length of a "Spectator," on the subject of generosity. "It must be taken from history or romance, must be sent the day se'nnight after you receive this; and I beg you will take some pains about it." A young gentleman from Oxford was also set to work to try his powers on the same subject, and Mr. William Sneyd, at Lichfield, was to be judge between the two performances. He gave his verdict for Maria: "An excellent story and very well written: but where's the generosity?" This,

we are told, became a sort of proverb in the Edgeworth family.

The little girl meanwhile was sent to school to a certain Mrs. Lataffiere, where she was taught to use her fingers, to write a lovely delicate hand, to work white satin waistcoats for her papa. She was then removed to a fashionable establishment in Upper Wimpole Street, where, says her stepmother, "she underwent all the usual tortures of backboards, iron collars, and dumbbells, with the unusual one of being hung by the neck to draw out the muscles and increase the growth, — a signal failure in her case." (Miss Edgeworth was always a very tiny person.) There is a description of the little maiden absorbed in her book with all the other children at play, while she sits in her favorite place in front of a carved oak cabinet, quite unconscious of the presence of the romping girls all about her.

Hers was a very interesting character as it appears in the memoirs — sincere, intelligent, self-contained, and yet dependent; methodical, observant. Sometimes as one reads of her in early life one is reminded of some of the personal characteristics of the writer who perhaps of all writers least resembles Miss Edgeworth in her art — of Charlotte Brontë, whose books are essentially of the modern and passionate school, but whose strangely mixed character seemed rather to belong to the orderly and neatly ruled existence of Queen Charlotte's reign. People's lives as they really are don't perhaps vary very much, but people's lives as they seem to be assuredly change with the fashions. Miss Edgeworth and Miss Brontë were both Irishwomen, who have often, with all their outcome, the timidity which comes of quick and sensitive feeling. But the likeness does not go very deep. Maria, whose diffidence and timidity were personal, but who had a firm and unalterable belief in family traditions, may have been saved from some danger of prejudice and limitation by a most fortunate though trying illness which affected her eyesight, and which caused her to be removed from her school with its monstrous elegancies to the care of Mr. Day, that kindest and sternest of friends.

This philosopher in love had been bitterly mortified when the lively Elizabeth Sneyd, instead of welcoming his return, could not conceal her laughter at his uncouth elegancies, and confessed that, on the whole, she had liked him better as he was before. He forswore Lichfield and marriage, and went abroad to forget. He



turned his thoughts to politics; he wrote pamphlets on public subjects and letters upon slavery. His poem of the "Dying Negro" had been very much admired. Miss Hannah More speaks of it in her memoirs. The subject of slavery was much before people's minds, and Day's influence had not a little to do with the rising indignation.

Among Day's readers and admirers was one person who was destined to have a most important influence upon his life. By a strange chance his extraordinary ideal was destined to be realized; and a young lady, good, accomplished, rich, devoted, who had read his books, and sympathized with his generous dreams, was ready not only to consent to his strange conditions, but to give him her kind heart and find her best happiness in his society and in carrying out his experiments and fancies. She was Miss Esther Milnes, of Yorkshire, an heiress; and though at first Day hesitated and could not believe in the reality of her feeling, her constancy and singleness of mind were not to be resisted, and they were married at Bath in 1778. We hear of Mr. and Mrs. Day spending the first winter of their married life at Hampstead, and of Mrs. Day, thickly shodden, walking with him in a snowstorm on the common, and ascribing her renewed vigor to her husband's wise advice.

Day and his wife eventually established themselves at Anningsley, near Chobham. He had insisted upon settling her fortune upon herself, but Mrs. Day assisted him in every way, and sympathized in his many schemes and benevolent ventures. When he neglected to make a window to the dressing-room he built for her, we hear of her uncomplainingly lighting her candles; to please him she worked as a servant in the house, and all their large means were bestowed in philanthropic and charitable schemes. Mr. Edgeworth quotes his friend's reproof to Mrs. Day, who was fond of music: "Shall we beguile the time with the strains of a lute while our fellow-creatures are starving?" "I am out of pocket every year about 300*l.* by the farm I keep," Day writes to his friend Edgeworth. "The soil I have taken in hand, I am convinced, is one of the most completely barren in England." He then goes on to explain his reasons for what he is about. "It enables me to employ the poor, and the result of all my speculations about humanity is that the only way of benefiting mankind is to give them employment and

make them earn their money." There is a pretty description of the worthy couple in their home dispensing help and benefits all round about, draining, planting, teaching, doctoring — nothing came amiss to them. Their chief friend and neighbor was Samuel Cobbett, who understood their plans, and sympathized in their efforts, which, naturally enough, were viewed with doubt and mistrust by most of the people round about. It was here that Mr. Day finished "Sandford and Merton," begun many years before. His death was very sudden, and was brought about by one of his own benevolent theories. He used to maintain that kindness alone could tame animals; and he was killed by a fall from a favorite colt which he was breaking in. Mrs. Day never recovered the shock. She lived two years hidden in her home, absolutely inconsolable, and then died and was laid by her husband's side in the churchyard at Wargrave by the river.

It was to the care of these worthy people that little Maria was sent when she was ill, and she was doctored by them both physically and morally. "Bishop Berkeley's tar-water was still considered a specific for all complaints," says Mrs. Edgeworth. "Mr. Day thought it would be of use to Maria's inflamed eyes, and he used to bring a large tumbler full of it to her every morning. She dreaded his 'Now, Miss Maria, drink this.' But there was, in spite of his stern voice, something of pity and sympathy in his countenance. His excellent library was open to her, and he directed her studies. His severe reasoning and uncompromising truth of mind awakened all her powers, and the questions he put to her and the working out of the answers, the necessity of perfect accuracy in all her words, suited the natural truth of her mind; and though such strictness was not agreeable, she even then perceived its advantage, and in after life was grateful for it."

#### V.

WE have seen how Miss Elizabeth Sneyd, who could not make up her mind to marry Mr. Day, notwithstanding all he had gone through for her sake, had eventually consented to become Mr. Edgeworth's third wife. With this stepmother for many years to come Maria lived in an affectionate intimacy, only to be exceeded by that most faithful companionship which existed for fifty years between her and the lady from whose memoirs I quote.

It was about 1782 that Maria went

home to live at Edgeworthstown with her father and his wife, with the many young brothers and sisters. The family was a large one, and already consisted of her own sisters, of Honora the daughter of Mrs. Honora, and Lovell her son. To these succeeded many others of the third generation; and two sisters of Mrs. Edgeworth's, who also made their home at Edgeworthstown.

Maria had once before been there, very young, but she was now old enough to be struck with the difference then so striking between Ireland and England. The tones and looks, the melancholy and the gaiety of the people, were so new and extraordinary to her that the delineations she long afterwards made of Irish character probably owe their life and truth to the impression made on her mind at this time as a stranger. Though it was June when they landed, there was snow on the roses she ran out to gather, and she felt altogether in a new and unfamiliar country.

She herself describes the feelings of the master of a family returning to an Irish home:—

Wherever he turned his eyes, in or out of his home, damp dilapidation, waste appeared. Painting, glazing, roofing, fencing, finishing—all were wanting. The backyard and even the front lawn round the windows of the house were filled with loungers, followers, and petitioners; tenants, undertenants, drivers, sub-agent were to have audience; and they all had grievances and secret informations, accusations, reciprocations, and quarrels each under each interminable.

Her account of her father's dealings with them is admirable:—

I was with him constantly, and I was amused and interested in seeing how he made his way through their complaints, petitions, and grievances with decision and despatch, he all the time in good humor with the people and they delighted with him, though he often rated them roundly when they stood before him perverse in litigation, helpless in procrastination, detected in cunning or convicted of falsehood. They saw into his character almost as soon as he understood theirs.

Mr. Edgeworth had in a very remarkable degree that power of ruling and administering which is one of the rarest of gifts. He seems to have shown great firmness and good sense in his conduct in the troubled times in which he lived. He saw to his own affairs, administered justice, put down middlemen as far as possible, reorganized the letting out of the estate. Unlike many of his neighbors, he was careful not to sacrifice the future to present ease of mind and of pocket.

He put down rack-rents and bribes of every sort, and did his best to establish things upon a firm and lasting basis.

But if it was not possible even for Mr. Edgeworth to make things all they should have been outside the house, inside the sketch given of the family life is very pleasant. The father lives in perfect confidence with his children, admitting them to his confidence, interesting them in his experiments, spending his days with them, consulting them. There are no reservations; he does his business in the great family sitting-room, surrounded by his family. I have heard it described as a large ground-floor room, with two columns supporting the farther end, by one of which Maria's writing-desk used to be placed—a desk which her father had devised for her, which used to be drawn out to the fireside when she worked. Does not Mr. Edgeworth also mention in one of his letters a picture of Thomas Day hanging over a sofa against a wall? Books in plenty there were, we may be sure, and perhaps models of ingenious machines and different appliances for scientific work. Sir Henry Holland and Mr. Ticknor give a curious description of Mr. Edgeworth's many ingenious inventions. There were strange locks to the rooms and telegraphic despatches to the kitchen; clocks at the other end of the house were wound up by simply opening certain doors. It has been remarked that all Miss Edgeworth's heroes had a smattering of science. Several of her brothers inherited her father's turn for it. We hear of them raising steeples and establishing telegraphs in partnership with him. Maria used to help her father in the business connected with the estate, to assist him, also, to keep the accounts. She had a special turn for accounts, and she was pleased with her exquisite neat columns and by the accuracy with which her figures fell into their proper places. Long after her father's death this knowledge and experience enabled her to manage the estate for her eldest stepbrother, Mr. Lovell Edgeworth. She was able, at a time of great national difficulty and anxious crisis, to meet a storm in which many a larger fortune was wrecked.

But in 1782 she was a young girl only beginning life. Storms were not yet, and she was putting out her wings in the sunshine. Her father set her to translate "*Adèle et Théodore*," by Madame de Genlis (she had a great facility for languages, and her French was really remarkable). Holcroft's version of the book, however,

appeared, and the Edgeworth translation was never completed. Mr. Day wrote a letter to congratulate Mr. Edgeworth on the occasion. It seemed horrible to Mr. Day that a woman should appear in print.

It is possible that the Edgeworth family was no exception to the rule by which large and clever and animated families are apt to live in a certain atmosphere of their own. But, notwithstanding her strong family bias, few people can have seen more of the world, felt its temper more justly, or appreciated more fully the interesting people walking about in it than Maria Edgeworth. Within easy reach of Edgeworthstown were different agreeable and cultivated houses. There was Pakenham Hall with Lord Longford for its master; one of its daughters was the future Duchess of Wellington, "who was always Kitty Pakenham for her old friends." There at Castle Forbes also lived, I take it, more than one of the well-bred and delightful people, out of "Patronage," and "The Absentee," who may, in real life, have borne the names of Lady Moira and Lady Granard. Besides, there were cousins and relations without number — Foxes, Ruxtons, marriages and intermarriages; and when the time came for occasional absences and expeditions from home, the circles seem to have spread incalculably in every direction. The Edgeworths appear to have been genuinely sociable people, interested in others and certainly interesting to them.

#### VI.

THE first letter given in the "Memoirs" from Maria to her favorite Aunt Ruxton is a very sad one, which tells of the early death of her sister Honora, a beautiful girl of fifteen, the only daughter of Mrs. Honora Edgeworth, who also died of consumption. This letter, written in the dry phraseology of the time, is nevertheless full of feeling, above all for the father who, as Maria says elsewhere, ever since she could think or feel, was the first object and motive of her mind.

Mrs. Edgeworth describes her sister-in-law as follows: —

Mrs. Ruxton resembled her brother in the wit and vivacity of her mind and strong affections; her grace and charm of manner were such that a gentleman once said of her: "If I were to see Mrs. Ruxton in rags as a beggar woman sitting on the doorstep, I should say 'Madam' to her." "To write to her Aunt Ruxton was, as long as she lived, Maria's greatest pleasure while away from her," writes Mrs. Edgeworth, "and to be with her was a

happiness she enjoyed with never flagging and supreme delight. Blackcastle was within a few hours' drive of Edgeworthstown, and to go to Blackcastle was the holiday of her life."

Mrs. Edgeworth tells a story of Maria once staying at Blackcastle and tearing out the title-page of "Belinda," so that her aunt, Mrs. Ruxton, read the book without any suspicion of the author. She was so delighted with it that she insisted on Maria listening to page after page, exclaiming "Is not that admirably written?" "Admirably read, I think," said Maria, until her aunt, quite provoked by her faint acquiescence, says, "I am sorry to see my little Maria unable to bear the praises of a rival author;" at which poor Maria burst into tears, and Mrs. Ruxton could never bear the book mentioned afterwards.

It was with Mrs. Ruxton that a little boy, born just after the death of the author of "Sandford and Merton," was left on the occasion of the departure of the Edgeworth family for Clifton, in 1792, where Mr. Edgeworth spent a couple of years for the health of one of his sons. During their stay at Clifton, Richard Edgeworth, the eldest son, who had been brought up upon Rousseau's system, and who seems to have found the Old World too restricted a sphere for his energies, and who had gone to sea and disappeared suddenly, paid them a visit from South Carolina, where he had settled and married. The young man was welcomed by them all. He had been long separated from home, and he died very young in America; but his sister always clung to him with fond affection. In July the poor little brother dies in Ireland. "There does not, now that little Thomas is gone, exist even a person of the same name as Mr. Day," says Mr. Edgeworth, who concludes his letter philosophically, as the father of twenty children may be allowed to do, by expressing a hope that to his nurses, Mrs. Ruxton and her daughter, "the remembrance of their own goodness will soon obliterate the painful impression of his miserable end."

Miss Edgeworth seems to have felt the departure of her brother Richard very much. "Last Saturday my poor brother Richard took leave of us to return to America. He has gone up to London with my father and mother, and is to sail from thence. We could not part from him without great pain and regret, for he made us all extremely fond of him."

Notwithstanding these melancholy events, Maria Edgeworth seems to have

led a happy, busy life at this time among her friends, her relations, her many interests, her many fancies and facts, making much of the children, of whom she writes pleasant descriptions to her aunt. "Charlotte is very engaging and promises to be handsome. Sneyd is, and promises everything. Henry will, I think, through life always do more than he promises. Little Honora is a sprightly, blue-eyed child at nurse with a woman who is the picture of health and simplicity. Lovell is perfectly well. Doctor Darwin has paid him very handsome compliments on his lines on the Barbarini Vase in the first part of the Botanic Garden."

Mr. Edgeworth found the time long at Clifton, though, as usual, he at once improved his opportunities, paid visits to his friends in London and elsewhere, and renewed many former intimacies and correspondences.

Maria also paid a visit to London, but the time had not come for her to enjoy society, and the extreme shyness of which Mrs. Edgeworth speaks made it pain to her to be in society in those early days. "Since I have been away from home," she writes, "I have missed the society of my father, mother, and sisters more than I can express, and more than beforehand I could have thought possible. I long to see them all again. Even when I am most amused I feel a void, and now I understand what an aching void is perfectly." Very soon we hear of her at home again, "scratching away at the Freeman family." Mr. Edgeworth is reading aloud Gay's "Trivia" among other things, which she recommends to her aunt. "I had much rather make a bargain with any one I loved to read the same books with them at the same hour than to look at the moon like Rousseau's famous lovers." There is another book, a new book for the children, mentioned about this time, "Evenings at Home," which they all admire immensely.

Miss Edgeworth was now about twenty-six, at an age when a woman's powers have fully ripened; a change comes over her style; there is a fulness of description in her letters and a security of expression which show maturity. Her habit of writing was now established, and she describes the constant interest her father took and his share in all she did. Some of the slighter stories she first wrote upon a slate and read out to her brothers and sisters; others she sketched for her father's approval, and arranged and altered as he suggested. The letters for literary

ladies were with the publishers by this time, and these were followed by various stories and early lessons, portions of "Parents' Assistant," and of popular tales, all of which were sent out in packets and lent from one member of the family to another before finally reaching Mr. Johnson, the publisher's hands. Maria Edgeworth in some of her letters from Clifton alludes with some indignation to the story of Mrs. Hannah More's ungrateful *protégée* Lactilla, the literary milk-woman, whose poems Hannah More was at such pains to bring before the world, and for whom, with her kind preface and warm commendations and subscription list, she was able to obtain the large sum of 500*l*. The ungrateful Lactilla, who had been starving when Mrs. More found her out, seems to have lost her head in this sudden prosperity, and to have accused her benefactress of wishing to steal a portion of the money. Maria Edgeworth must have been also interested in some family marriages which took place about this time. Her sister Anna became engaged to Dr. Beddoes, of Clifton, whose name appears as prescribing for the authors of various memoirs of that day. He is "a man of ability, of a great name in the scientific world," says Mr. Edgeworth, who favored the doctor's "declared passion," as a proposal was then called, and the marriage accordingly took place on their return to Ireland. Emmeline, another sister, was soon after married to Mr. King, a surgeon, also living at Bristol, and Maria was now left the only remaining daughter of the first marriage, to be good aunt, sister, friend to all the younger members of the party. She was all this, but she herself expressly states that her father would never allow her to be turned into a nursery drudge; her share of the family was limited to one special little boy. Meanwhile her pen-and-ink children are growing up.

"I beg, dear Sophy," she writes to her cousin, "that you will not call my little stories by the sublime name of my works; I shall else be ashamed when the little mouse comes forth. The stories are printed and bound the same size as 'Evenings at Home,' but I am afraid you will dislike the title. My father had sent the 'Parents' Friend,' but Mr. Johnson has degraded it into 'Parents' Assistant.'"

In 1797, says Miss Beauport, who was to be so soon more intimately connected with the Edgeworth family, Johnson wished to publish more volumes of the "Parents' Assistant" on fine paper, with

prints, and Mrs. Ruxton asked me to make some designs for them. These designs seem to have given great satisfaction to the Edgeworth party, and especially to a little boy called William, Mrs. Edgeworth's youngest boy, who grew up to be a fine young man, but who died young of the cruel family complaint. Mrs. Edgeworth's health was also failing all this time—"Though she makes epigrams she is far from well," says Maria; but they none of them seemed seriously alarmed. Mr. Edgeworth, in the intervals of politics, is absorbed in the telegraph, which, with the help of his sons, he is trying to establish. It is one which acts by night as well as by day.

It was a time of change and stir for Ireland, disaffection growing and put down for a time by the soldiers; armed bands going about "defending" the country and breaking its windows. In 1794 threats of a French invasion had alarmed everybody, and now again in 1796 came rumors of every description, and Mr. Edgeworth was very much disappointed that his proposal for establishing a telegraph across the water to England was rejected by government. He also writes to Dr. Darwin that he had offered himself as a candidate for the county, and been obliged to relinquish at the last moment; but these minor disappointments were lost in the trouble which fell upon the household in the following year—the death of the mother of the family, who sank rapidly and died of consumption in 1797.

#### VII.

WHEN Mr. Edgeworth himself died, not without many active post-mortem wishes and directions, leaving his entertaining "Memoirs" half finished, he desired his daughter Maria in the most emphatic way to complete them, and to publish them without changing or altering anything that he had written. People reading them were surprised by the contents; they blamed Miss Edgeworth for making them public, not knowing how solemn and binding these dying commands had been, says Mrs. Leadbeater, writing at the time to Mrs. Trench. Many severe and wounding reviews appeared, and this may have influenced Miss Edgeworth in her own objection to her memoirs being published by her family.

Mr. Edgeworth's life was most extraordinary, comprising in fact three or four lives in the place of that one usually al-

lowed to most people, some of us having to be moderately content with a half or three-quarters of existence. But his versatility of mind was no less remarkable than his tenacity of purpose and strength of affection, though some measure of sentiment must have certainly been wanting. The writer once expressed her surprise at the extraordinary influence that Mr. Edgeworth seems to have had over women and over the many members of his family who continued to reside in his home after the various changes which had taken place there. The lady to whom she spoke was one who has seen more of life than most of us, who has for years past carried help to the far-away and mysterious East, but whose natural place is at home in the more prosperous and unattainable West End. This lady said, "You do not in the least understand what my Uncle Edgeworth was. I never knew anything like him. Brilliant, full of energy and charm, he was something quite extraordinary and irresistible. If you had known him you would not have wondered at anything." This lady had sat upon Maria Edgeworth's knee as a little girl, and remembered her writing in her place by the column in the big sitting-room.

I had in the spring of that year (1797) paid my first visit to Edgeworthstown with my mother and sister," [writes Miss Beaufort, afterwards Mrs. Edgeworth, the author of the *Memoirs*.] My father had long before been there, and had frequently met Mr. Edgeworth at Mrs. Ruxton's. In 1795 my father was presented to the living of Collon, in the county of Louth, where he resided from that time. His vicarage was within five minutes' walk of the residence of Mr. Foster, then Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, the dear friend of Mr. Edgeworth, who came to Collon in the spring of 1798 several times, and at last offered me his hand, which I accepted.

Maria, who was at first very much opposed to the match, would not have been herself the most devoted and faithful of daughters if she had not eventually agreed to her father's wishes, and, as daughters do, come by degrees to feel with him and to see with his eyes. The influence of a father over a daughter where real sympathy exists is one of the very deepest and strongest that can be imagined. Miss Beaufort herself seems also to have had some special attraction for Maria. She was about her own age. She must have been a person of singularly sweet character and gentle liberality of mind. "You will come into a new family, but you will



not come as a stranger, dear Miss Beaufort," writes generous Maria. "You will not lead a new life, but only continue to lead the life you have been used to in your own happy, cultivated family." And her stepmother in a few feeling words describes all that Maria was to her from the very first when she came as a bride to the home where the children of the lately lost wife and her sisters were all assembled to meet her.

It gives an unpleasant thrill to read of the newly married lady coming along to her home in a postchaise, and seeing something odd on the side of the road. "Look to the other side; don't look at it," says Mr. Edgeworth; and when they had passed he tells his bride that it was the body of a man hung by the rebels between the shafts of a car.

The family at Edgeworthstown consisted of two ladies, sisters of the late Mrs. Edgeworth, who made it their home, and of Maria, the last of the first family. Lovell, now the eldest son, was away; but there were also four daughters and three sons at home.

All agreed in making me feel at once at home and part of the family; all received me with the most unaffected cordiality; but from Maria it was something more. She more than fulfilled the promise of her letter; she made me at once her most intimate friend, and in every trifle of the day treated me with the most generous confidence.

Those times were even more serious than they are now; we hear of Mr. Bond, the high sheriff, paying "a pale visit" to Edgeworthstown. "I am going on in the old way, writing stories," says Maria Edgeworth, writing in 1798. "I cannot be a captain of dragoons, and sitting with my hands before me would not make any one of us one degree safer. . . . Simple Susan went to Foxhall a few days ago for Lady Anne to carry her to England." "My father has made our little rooms so nice for us," she continues; "they are all fresh painted and papered. Oh! rebels, oh! French spare them. We have never injured you, and all we wish is to see everybody as happy as ourselves."

On August 29 we find from Miss Edgeworth's letter to her cousin that the French have got to Castlebar. "The lord-lieutenant is now at Athlone, and it is supposed it will be their next object of attack. My father's corps of yeomanry are extremely attached to him and seem fully in earnest; but, alas! by some strange negligence, their arms have not yet arrived from Dublin. . . . We, who

are so near the scene of action, cannot by any means discover what *number* of the French actually landed, some say eight hundred, some eighteen hundred, some eighteen thousand."

The family had a narrow escape that day, for two officers, who were in charge of some ammunition, offered to take them under their protection as far as Longford. Mr. Edgeworth most fortunately detained them. "Half an hour afterwards, as we were quietly sitting in the portico, we heard, as we thought close to us, the report of a pistol or a clap of thunder which shook the house. The officer soon after returned almost speechless; he could hardly explain what had happened. The ammunition cart, containing nearly three barrels of gunpowder, took fire, and burnt half way on the road to Longford. The man who drove the cart was blown to atoms. Nothing of him could be found. Two of the horses were killed; others were blown to pieces, and their limbs scattered to a distance. The head and body of a man were found a hundred and twenty yards from the spot. . . . If we had gone with this ammunition cart, we must have been killed. An hour or two afterwards we were obliged to fly from Edgeworthstown. The pikemen, three hundred in number, were within a mile of the town; my mother and Charlotte and I rode; passed the trunk of the dead man, bloody limbs of horses, and two dead horses, by the help of men who pulled on our steeds—all safely lodged now in Mrs. Fallon's Inn." "Before we had reached the place where the cart had been blown up," says Mrs. Edgeworth, "Mr. Edgeworth suddenly recollected that he had left on the table in his study a list of the yeomanry corps which he feared might endanger the poor fellows and their families if it fell into the hands of the rebels. He galloped back for it. It was at the hazard of his life; but the rebels had not yet appeared. He burned the paper, and rejoined us safely." The "Memoirs" give a most interesting and spirited account of the next few days. The rebels spared Mr. Edgeworth's house, although they broke in. After a time the family were told that all was safe for their return, and the account of their coming home, as it is given in the second volume of Mr. Edgeworth's life by his daughter, is a model of style and admirable description.

In 1799 Mr. Edgeworth came into Parliament for the borough of St. Johnstown. He was a Unionist by conviction, but he



did not think the times were yet ripe for the Union, and he therefore voted against it. In some of his letters to Dr. Darwin written at this time, he says that he was offered three thousand guineas for his seat for the few remaining weeks of the session, which, needless to say, he refused, not thinking it well, as he says, "*to quarrel with myself.*" He also adds that Maria continues writing for children under the persuasion that she cannot be more serviceably employed; and he sends (with his usual perspicuity) affectionate messages to the doctor's "good amiable lady and *his giant brood.*" But this long friendly correspondence was coming to an end. The doctor's letters, so quietly humorous and to the point, Mr. Edgeworth's answers with all their characteristic and lively variety, were nearly over.

It was in 1800 that Maria had achieved her great success, and published "Castle Rackrent," a book — not for children this time — which made everybody talk who read, and those read who had only talked before. This work was published anonymously, and so great was its reputation that some one was at the pains to copy out the whole of the story with erasures and different signs of authenticity, and assume the authorship.

One very distinctive mark of Maria Edgeworth's mind is the honest candor and genuine critical faculty which is hers. Her appreciation of her own work and that of others is unaffected and really discriminating, whether it is "Corinne" or a simple story which she is reading, or Scott's new novel "The Pirate," or one of her own manuscripts which she estimates justly and reasonably. "I have read 'Corinne' with my father, and I like it better than he does. In one word, I am dazzled by the genius, provoked by the absurdities, and in admiration of the taste and critical judgment of Italian literature displayed throughout the whole work: but I will not dilate upon it in a letter, I could talk for three hours to you and my aunt."

Elsewhere she speaks with the warmest admiration of a "simple story." Jane Austen's books were not yet published; but another writer, for whom Mr. Edgeworth and his daughter had a very great regard and admiration, was Mrs. Barbauld, who in all the heavy trials and sorrows of her later life found no little help and comfort in the friendship and constancy of Maria Edgeworth. Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld, upon Mr. Edgeworth's in-

itation, paid him a visit at Clifton, where he was again staying in 1799, and where Mrs. Edgeworth's eldest child was born. There is a little anecdote of domestic life at this time in the "Memoirs" which gives one a glimpse, not of an authoress, but of a very sympathizing and impressionable person. "Maria took her little sister to bring down to her father, but when she had descended a few steps a panic seized her, and she was afraid to go either backwards or forwards. She sat down on the stairs afraid she should drop the child, afraid that its head would come off, and afraid that her father would find her sitting there and laugh at her, till seeing the footman passing she called 'Samuel' in a terrified voice, and made him walk before her backwards down the stairs till she safely reached the sitting-room." For all these younger children Maria seems to have had a most tender and motherly regard, as indeed for all her young brothers and sisters of the different families. Many of them were the heroines of her various stories, and few heroines are more charming than some of Miss Edgeworth's. Rosamund is said by some to have been Maria herself, impulsive, warm-hearted, timid, and yet full of spirit and animation.

In his last letter to Mr. Edgeworth Dr. Darwin writes kindly of the authoress, and sends her a message. The letter is dated April 17, 1802. "I am glad to find you still amuse yourself with mechanism in spite of the troubles of Ireland;" and the doctor goes on to ask his friend to come and pay a visit to the Priory, and describes the pleasant house with the garden, the ponds full of fish, the deep, umbrageous valley, with the talkative stream running down it, and Derby tower in the distance. The letter, so kind, so playful in its tone, was never finished. Dr. Darwin was writing as he was seized with what seemed a fainting-fit, and he died within an hour. Miss Edgeworth writes of the shock her father felt when the sad news reached him; a shock, she says, which must in some degree be experienced by every person who reads this letter of Dr. Darwin's.

No wonder this generous, outspoken man was esteemed in his own time. To us, in ours, it has been given still more to know the noble son of "that giant brood," whose name will be loved and held in honor as long as people live to honor nobleness, simplicity, and genius; those things which give life to life itself.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE LADIES LINDORES.

## CHAPTER XX.

*(continued.)*

"Ah, to be sure, that's Tinto," said Rintoul; "what a fine place it is, to be sure! Carry ought to be proud of such a place. And how do all the squires and squireens—or the lairds, I suppose I should say, for local color,—how do they like his red flag? There ought to be plenty of hatred and malice on that score."

"Nobody hates or bears malice to our Carry, that I can hear of," said his mother, with a reproving glance. Her eye caught that of John, and she blushed almost violently—for was not he the representative of the squires and squireens?

"But Torrance and Carry are one flesh," said Rintoul.

"I ought to speak on the subject, as I am the only representative of the accused," said John, with an attempt at a lighter tone; but it was not very successful, and there was a sense of possible commotion in the air, like the approach of a thunderstorm, which the women were far too sensitive not to feel—and they threw themselves into the breach, as was natural. When John took his leave, as the lingering daylight still lasted, they strolled with him through the shrubberies, accompanying him towards the gate. It was Lady Lindores herself who took the initiative in this, as her son thought, extraordinary condescension. Rintoul followed, keeping his sister walking by his side, with indignant surprise painted all over him. "Do you mean to say you do this every time that fellow is here?" he asked wrathfully. "We have never been out of doors before when Mr. Erskine has gone away," cried Edith, equally angry, in self-defence. Meanwhile the voices of the others, who were in advance, went on peacefully: they talked, unconscious of criticism, while the brother and sister listened. John had begun to tell Lady Lindores of the entertainments he meant to give. He avowed that they had been planned by Rolls, though his first intention had been to keep this fact to himself; but the humor of it overcame him. He could not refrain from communicating so amusing a circumstance to the kind woman, who never misunderstood, and who received all his confidences with maternal pleasure. He was pleased to hear her laugh, and not displeased to lay open the condition of his household to her, and the

humors of the old servants, in whose hands he was still a boy. "It is, don't you think, a judicious despotism on the whole?" he said. The sound of her laugh was delightful in his ears, even though a more sensitive narrator might have thought the laugh to be directed against himself.

"It is a delightful despotism," said Lady Lindores; "and as we shall benefit by it in the present case, I entirely approve of Rolls. But I think, perhaps, if I were you, I would not unfold the whole matter to Miss Barbara. Your aunt is born a great lady, Mr. Erskine. She might take it as quite right and within the duty of an old retainer; but again, she might take a different view. For my part, I entirely approve. It is exactly the right thing to do."

"You are always so kind," said John gratefully; "and perhaps you will advise me in matters that are beyond my prime minister's sphere."

"Rolls and I!" she said, laughing; "it is not often a young man has such a pair of counsellors." Her laugh was so fresh and genuine that it sounded like the laugh of youth. Her children behind her had their curiosity greatly excited: Edith with a little wonder, to think what John could be saying to amuse her mother so much; Rintoul with high indignation, to see in what favor this country neighbor was held.

"What does my mother mean?" he said, grumbling in Edith's ear. "She will turn that fellow's head. I never knew anything so out of place. One would think, to see you with him, that he was—why, your dearest friend, your—I don't know what to say."

"Perhaps you had better not say anything, in case it should be something disagreeable," said Edith, with a sudden flush of color. "Mr. Erskine is our nearest neighbor—and I hope my mother, at least, does not want any guidance from you."

"Oh, doesn't she, though!" murmured Rintoul in his moustache. To his own consciousness his mother was the member of this family who stood the most in need of his guidance. He thought her the most imprudent woman he had ever come across, paying no attention to her children's prospects. They went on thus till they came to the gate, where the Countess of Lindores was actually to be seen by the woman at the lodge, or by any passing wayfarer, in her dinner-dress, with nothing but a lace cap on her head

— and Edith, in her white robes and shining hair—saying good-bye to this rustic neighbor, this insidious squire! Rintoul could not for some time relieve his soul as he wished. He was compelled to shake hands too, in a surly way; and it was not till Edith had left them that he permitted himself to make, as he said, a few remarks to his mother. She was lingering outside, for it was still daylight though it was night.

"Mother," said Rintoul solemnly, "I see it's all exactly as I feared. You have let that fellow Erskine get to be a sort of tame cat about the house."

"After?" said his mother, with a smile.

"After! well, that's as you choose. But of this you may be sure, mother, my father won't stand it. It will only make trouble in the house. He won't let Edith throw herself away. You had better put a stop to it while you are able. I suspected it from the first moment I knew that Erskine was here."

"You are very wise, Rintoul," said his mother, with grieved displeasure, all the pain and disenchantment which she had managed to put aside and forget coming back into her troubled eyes.

"I don't know if I'm very wise; but I know something of the world," said the son, who was so much better instructed than she was; "and I know, when one has charge of a girl, one oughtn't to allow her to throw herself away."

"Carry is supposed not to have thrown herself away," said the indignant mother, with a glance towards that centre of her saddest thoughts, the arrogant front and false battlements of Tinto, faintly gleaming like royal Windsor itself in the mists of distance. This was all in contradiction to the changed state of her mind towards Millefleurs and the gradual leaning towards a great marriage for Edith which had come over her. But we are never more hot in defence of our own side than when we have begun to veer towards the other; and Rintoul's lectures had been for a long time more than his mother could endure.

"No, Carry cannot be said to have thrown herself away," he said thoughtfully, stroking that moustache which looked so young, while its owner was so wise and politic. "Carry should remember," he said, after a pause, "that she's an individual, but the family comprises many people—heaps of her descendants will be grateful to her, you know. And if the fellow is unbearable, why, a woman has always got it in her own hands to make

his life a burden to him. Why is she so absurdly domestic? They have quantities of money, and there are plenty of brutes in society to keep him in countenance. She ought to come to town, and see people, and enjoy herself. What is the good of living like a cabbage here?"

"If you will persuade Carry to emancipate herself a little—to think of herself a little—I will forgive you all your worldly-mindedness," said his mother, with a smile.

"I will try," he said; "and as for my worldly-mindedness, as you call it, how is a fellow to get on in the world, I should like to know? It isn't by money I'll ever push my way. I must look out for other ways and means."

"Does that mean an heiress, Rintoul?"

His mother was half laughing, half serious. But there was no laughter in Rintoul's countenance. The corners of his mouth were drawn down. His eyes were as solemn as if the matter in question had been life or death.

"You may be sure I'll do my duty to the family, whether I like it or not," he said, with heroic gravity. "I don't mean to recommend other people to do what I'll not do myself."

But Rintoul sighed. He was heroic, indeed, but he was human. A breath of soft recollections came over him. He, too, had entertained other thoughts—he had allowed himself to be beguiled to gentler visions. But when the voice of duty bade, he felt that he had it in him to be superior to all weaknesses. Come an heiress of sufficient pretensions to be worthy of the son of Lindores, and he would buckle his manhood to him, and marry her without wincing. His duty he was at all times ready to do; but yet to the softer part of life, to the dreams of a youth unawakened to such stern purposes of heroism, he might yet be permitted to give a sigh.

John Erskine was the very opposite of this predestined martyr. He felt no weight of family responsibility upon him. All that he wished was—a good wish enough, if it had not been altogether beyond possibility of fulfilment—that the last lord of Lindores had lived to be a patriarch, and had been succeeded by his son in the course of nature. What a difference that would have made to everybody concerned! But our young man did all he could to keep definite plans and hopes out of his mind. He preferred to get the good of each day as it came. If he thought too much of them, he felt a dismal certainty

that disappointments would follow. He preferred that his present existence should flow *au jour le jour*.

## CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN the news of the approaching festivities at Dalrulzian were known in Dunearn, Miss Barbara Erskine and her household were flung into a whirlpool of excitement such as had not disturbed their calm for more years than could be reckoned. There was, of course, no question as to the immediate acceptance by the old lady of her nephew's invitation to her to do the honors of his house. She was very much touched and pleased — with that satisfaction, above all, which is so sweet to a woman — of feeling that John was doing absolutely "the right thing" in placing her, his old aunt, at the head of affairs. It was a compliment to the family, to the old neighbors, as well as to herself. But it is not too much to say that from the scullery to the drawing-room her house was turned upside down by this great event. Miss Barbara's first thought was, as was natural, that a great many things would be wanted. She went instantly to her "napery" closet, — Agnes, her old maid, attending her with the key, — and brought out stores of shining damask, milk-white and fragrant, every tablecloth with its pile of napkins, like a hen with chickens. "I never inquired into the napery at Dalrulzian," the old lady said; "but it would be a great temptation to a woman with a sma' family to take the use of it; and for anything I know, he may be in want of table-linen. Ye'll pack a boxful, Agnes, whether or no. There's the great tablecloths with the crown pattern, they are the biggest I have. Ye'll take them, and table-napkins. You may take ten or twelve dozen. They are always useful."

"And you'll take the best silver, mem," said Janet, for this was in her department. If it had been suggested to them that their best Paisley shawls, on which both Janet and Agnes set great store, would have been useful to cover the faded places on the carpet, these devoted women would have sacrificed their most cherished possessions. Miss Barbara's old epergnes and table ornaments, which, happily, were older and less solid than the camel and palm-trees at Tinto, were packed into a huge box, with all her available forks and spoons, and sent off in a cart before her to the scene of the entertainment. Then a still more important question arose as to the help that would be required to pro-

duce a dinner and a ball supper worthy of the Erskine name. Miss Barbara put her trust in Janet, who had managed all her own household affairs for a great number of years. "I'll take ye both with me," she said to the two women, who made her comfort and credit the occupation of their lives, "and when ye consider what's at stake, you'll just put your hand to anything; and ye like a ploy, both of ye, and plenty of young faces about the house."

"Eh, but I do that," said Agnes; "and I would not wonder but Mr. John's meaning to take a survey of all the misses, and him a wanter and a bonnie lad into the bargain. We'll maybe hear who it is to be."

But Janet demurred. "It's not to be denied but I would like to go," she said; "and blithe, blithe would I be to put to my hand, if it was only to boil a pitawtie, and proud to think the auld family, so lang away, was holding up its head again. But then there's Bauby Rolls, that's been housekeeper so long, and a good cook and a good woman. She would think we meant to interfere."

"It would ill become either Bauby or any other person to think me interfering in my nephew's house," said Barbara. "Ye'll just come, Janet. I am saying nothing against Bauby; but she'll be out of the way of managing a pairty."

"There are plenty of pairties in the winter-time," said Janet. "I wouldna stand in other folk's gait. Na, naeboddy would say *you* were interfering, Miss Barbara. Wha has a better right in your ain nephew's house? — but me, it's another question. I couldna gang ben to her kitchen, or look at a single article, but it would be thought I was meddling. What would I think if Bauby Rolls came here on a veesit to help me? I would say I maun be getting doited, though I cannot see it: I maun be losing the use o' my faculties. I judge of her by myself. She would think the same of me. But Agnes, you can take her," said the housekeeper, with a fine and delicate contempt. "She has aye her head full of whigmaleeries; but she'll stand in nobody's way."

"I'll not ask your leave, Janet, to take my own woman with me," said Miss Barbara, with some annoyance.

"Na, mem, I never thought that," retorted her factotum. "I'm seldom consulted, though maybe it would be none the worse for the family if I were letten say my say. For a ball-supper there's naething better than a fine boned turkey well stuffed and larded," she added reflect-

tively; "and I'm no' against soup. It's new-fashioned; but there's new-fashioned things that's just as good as the old. One thing I set my face against is thae new drinks—cup as they call them. They take an awfu' quantity of wine; and in the heat o' the dancing thae young things will just spoil their stomachs, never thinking what they're swallowing. That's my opinion. I'm no' saying I'm ony authority, and Mr. Rolls will have a' that in his hands, and will not lippen to a woman; but that's my opinion. It's an awfu' waste of wine. I would rather give them good honest champagne out of the bottle, that they might see what they are taking, far sooner than that wasteful cup."

"That's very true, Janet," said Miss Barbara; "I'm of that opinion myself. But in most houses it's the gentleman himself (when there is a gentleman) that manages the cellar; and it would never do for a lady to say anything. But I will mind to tell him (for it's my own opinion), if he consults me."

"And for sweet things, there's nothing like ice-creams, if she can make them," said Janet. "If she were to say, mem, of her own accord, that she has little experience, you might send me a line by the postman, and I would do my best; but no' unless it's of her own accord. Na, na; I ken by myself. If a strange woman were to come into my kitchen and meddle with my dinner! But tak' you Agnes, Miss Barbara. She might make up a match yet, for a' that's come and gane, with Tammas Rolls."

Miss Barbara appeared accordingly at Dalrulzian the day before the great dinner, in her old coach, with her two best gowns in the imperial, and all her old ornaments, and with Agnes her maid seated primly by her, inside. The chariot was almost as old as Miss Barbara herself, and was kept for great occasions. It was drawn by two somewhat funereal black horses from the Red Lion at Dunearn—altogether a solemn turn-out, and quite unlike the handy little phaeton in which usually the old lady drove about. The postboy took away those noble steeds when he had housed the chariot in the Dalrulzian stables, to which he was to return in four days to take it back with its mistress. And Miss Barbara bore a grave though cheerful countenance as she walked into the drawing-room, and took her place there on the great tapestry sofa. The box of plate and linen had arrived before her, and she felt that it was necessary at once to look into the details of the

proposed entertainment. "Will you send the housekeeper to me," she said to Rolls, with dignity, thinking it beneath the solemnity of the occasion to call Bauby by any less weighty title. Bauby came in with good-natured alacrity; but she was somewhat abashed by the air of gravity on Miss Barbara's face, whom she was not accustomed to see in such state. "Come in, my woman," said the old lady. "It's a great responsibility for you to have the charge of all this. You will like a little assistance with your dinner. I'm well aware that both that and the supper for the ball are in very good hands so far as the provisions go. But your master being young, and without experience, and as there's no lady in the house, I think it my duty to be of service," Miss Barbara said. Bauby stood before her greatly flushed, and laid a number of hems, one over the other, on her apron. "Hoot, mem, we'll just manage fine," she said, growing red. But this did not satisfy the august old lady.

"If you're in want of any help," she said, "there's a woman of mine—"

Rolls, who had been waiting outside the door, came to the rescue. He appeared now behind the flushed Bauby. "She's a confused creature," he said, "but she knows her business. We've put it all down, Miss Barbara, in the new-fashioned way. I'm aware that at the Castle and other grand places it's written in French, but good Scots is good enough for us."

It was no small effort to find and produce from Bauby's pocket the bill of fare of the approaching dinner. But this document took away Miss Barbara's breath. It was some time before she got over it. Instead of the chaos which she half feared, yet half hoped for, as a means of exercising her own gifts on her nephew's behalf, it was an elaborate *menu*, drawn out in full form, that was placed before her eyes. The old lady was struck dumb for a moment, and when she spoke there was a certain awe in her tone. "If you can set a dinner like that on the table," she said, "I have not a word to say."

"Oh, mem, we'll manage fine," said Bauby, in her soft, round, good-humored voice.

"Miss Barbara," said Rolls, "I'm no braggart; but I've seen a thing or two in my life. And Bauby, she has far more in her than appears. She's just a confused creature in speech; but pit her to her goblets and her sauces, and she kens well what she's about. She has the real spirit



of it in her; and when her blood's up for the credit of the family —"

"Eh, mem!" cried Bauby herself, putting her apron to her eyes, for her tears came readily; "do you think I would let them say that Mr. John couldna give a denner as good as the best? and he such a fine lad, and wanting a wife, and his mammaw so far away!"

"Never you mind his mammaw," cried Miss Barbara, with natural family feeling; "she was never a great manager. But if you set that dinner on the table, Bauby Rolls, you're a woman worthy of all respect, and I hope my nephew will know when he's well off."

She withdrew to the room prepared for her after this, a little crestfallen, yet doing due honor to the native powers. "We'll say nothing to Janet," she said to her faithful old maid, as she sat at her toilet. "Janet is an excellent woman, and just the right person for a house like mine. But she has not that invention. Four made dishes, besides all the solids! We'll not say a word to Janet. It would be more than she could bear."

"You see, Miss Barbara, there's two of them to settle it," said Agnes, as she brushed out the old lady's abundant white hair; "and a man is awfu' discriminat'ing about eating and drinking. He may not have sense like a woman, but he has more taste of his mouth."

"There is something in that," said her mistress; "if it's Rolls, John has got a treasure in that man. The cornel's dinners were always very English, to my way of thinking — but that would be their own fault; or if it's my nephew himself" — she added doubtfully. What was a great quality in Rolls catering for other people, would have been almost a vice, in the eyes of this prejudiced old lady, in the young master of the house.

"Mr. John!" said Agnes, still more moved, "a bonnie lad like him! Na, na; it would never be that. It'll be the young misses, and not the dishes, he will be thinking about. And who knows but we may see the one that's his choice? And I wish she may be a lovely young lady for his sake."

"She would need to be something more than that," said Miss Barbara, shaking her head. "A little money would be a great advantage to the estate."

"Eh, but mem, he maun marry for love," said Agnes; "what's siller in comparison? And I think I know somebody for my pairt —"

"Whisht, Agnes," said her mistress

peremptorily; "whatever thought may be in your head, to name it spoils all."

For these two simple women were still of opinion that Providence had created John Erskine's wife for him, and that he could not mistake the guidance of that unerring hand.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

THE ball was in full career; everybody had come to it from all the houses within reach, and the radius was wide — extending over the whole county. It was universally acknowledged that nobody could have imagined the drawing-room at Dalrulzian to be so large — and though the mothers and the old ladies were in a great state of alarm as to the facilities for stepping forth through the long windows after a dance, yet the young people, indifferent to the northern chill which they had been used to all their lives, considered the walk, which seemed almost a portion of the room, to be the most delightful of all. Rintoul, though with many protestations and much scorn of the little rustic assembly, had been persuaded to wait for it, and was an object of attraction as great, nay, in some respects greater, than John himself. There were no great young ladies in the company for whom it was worth his while to exert himself, and consequently the young man yielded to the soft flattery of all the pleased and grateful faces around him, and made himself agreeable in general, ending, however, almost invariably at the side of Nora, to whom it was a pleasing compensation for the indifference of the young master of Dalrulzian, who had been so distinctly destined for her by the county. John was very civil to Nora. He went out of his way, indeed, to be civil. He took her about the house, into the library, and the hall, to show her the alterations he was making, and appealed to her about their propriety in a way which Nora felt might have taken in some girls. But she was not taken in. She knew it was merely politeness, and that John would go away as soon as he had done his duty with a certain sense of relief. But Rintoul's attentions were paid in a very different spirit. He asked her to dance as many times as he could without attracting too much notice. Nora felt that he discriminated this line finely, and was half provoked and half flattered by it, feeling acutely that whereas John Erskine did his best to show her all the civility which his position required, Rintoul went against all the duties of his position to get near her, to talk to her in a



corner, to devote to her every moment which he could devote to her without remark. He was very careful, very desirous not to commit himself with society; but to Nora, every tone of his voice, every look committed him. She felt—she was a great deal cleverer than Rintoul, and saw through and through him—that to her he was a totally different person from the young man of fashion, who, with a touch of condescension, did his duty to the other young ladies. She saw him in a different light. He toned his words for her. He changed his very sentiments. She was pleased and amused, and at the same time touched, when (for she was too clever) she noted this change coming over him in the middle of a sentence, in the figure of a dance, when he suddenly found himself near her. There could not have been a more complete proof of these sentiments which he was as yet afraid to indulge in, which vanquished him against his will. A girl's pride may be roused by the idea that a man struggles against her power over him, and is unwilling to love her; but at the same time there is a wonderful flattery in the consciousness that his unwillingness avails him nothing, and that reason is powerless in comparison with love. Nora with her keen eyes marked how, when the young man left her to dance or to talk with some one else, he kept, as it were, one eye upon her, watching her partners and her behavior, and how, the moment he was free, he would gyrate round her, with something which (within herself always laughing, yet not displeased) she compared to the flutterings of a bird beating its wings against the air, resisting yet compelled to approach some centre of fascination. He would have kept away if he could, but he was not able. She was so much occupied in watching these proceedings of his—seeing the humor of them so completely that she was fain to put her head out at the window, or retire into a corner of the hall, to laugh privately to herself—that she lost the thread of much that was said to her, and sadly wounded the feelings of several of the young officers from Dundee. What they said was as a murmur in her ears, while her mind was engaged in the more amusing study—watching the movements of Rintoul.

The Lindores family had come out in force to grace John's entertainment. Even the earl himself had come, which was so unusual. He had made up his mind so strenuously as to the support which John

was to give to Rintoul's candidature and his own plans, that he thought it necessary to "countenance," as he said, our young man's proceedings in everything personal to himself. And Lord Lindores, like so many people, did not perceive, in his inspection of the horizon, and desire that this thing and that should be done in the distance, the danger which lay under his very eye. No doubt it was natural that his little daughter Edith should be, as it were, the queen of the entertainment. Not only was she one of the prettiest girls in the county, but she was the first in rank, and therefore the most to be thought of; the first to be honored, if any honors were going. That was simple enough, and cost him no consideration at all. He made another effort to overcome old Sir James Montgomery's prejudiced opposition, and talked on political matters in the doorways with a great deal of liberality and good-humor, taking with perfect serenity the clumsy gibes which his neighbors would launch at innovators, at people with foreign tastes, at would-be philanthropists. He smiled and "never let on," though sometimes the gibes were galling enough. Lady Lindores sat at the head of the room with Lady Car by her, very gracious too, though sometimes yawning a little privately behind her fan. They spoke to the people who came to speak to them, and acknowledged the new-comers who were introduced to them with benignant smiles. But both mother and daughter were somewhat out of their element. Now and then a lively passage of conversation would break out around them, and anon die off, and they would be left again smiling but silent, giving each other sympathetic glances, and swallowing delicate yawns. "No, I do not dance. You must excuse me," Lady Car said quietly, with that pretty smile which lighted up her pale face like sunshine. She was not pretty—but there could not be a face more full of meaning. Her eyes had some anxiety always in them, but her smile gave to her face something of the character of one whose life was over, to whom it mattered very little what was going to happen, to whom, in short, nothing could happen—to whom fate had done its worst.

There was a brief pause in the gaiety, and of a sudden, as will sometimes happen, the murmur of talk in all the different groups, the hum of the multitude at its pleasantest and lightest, was suspended. When such a pause occurs it will frequently be filled and taken posses-

sion of for the moment by some louder or more persistent scrap of conversation from an individual group, which suddenly seems to become the chief thing in the crowd, listened to by all. Ordinarily it is the most trivial chit-chat, but now and then the ranks will open, as it were, to let something of vital importance, some revelation, some germ of quarrel, some fatal hint or suggestion, be heard. This time it was Torrance, always loud-voiced, whose words suddenly came out in the hearing of the entire company. He happened at the moment to be standing with John Erskine contemplating the assembly in general. Rintoul was close by, lingering for a moment to address a passing civility to the matron whose daughter he had just brought back to her side. Torrance had been in the supper-room, and was charged with champagne. He was not a drunkard, but he habitually took a great deal of wine, the result of which was only to make him a little more himself than usual, touching all his qualities into exaggeration — a little louder, a little more rude, cynical, and domineering. He was surveying the company with his big, staring eyes.

"This makes me think," he said, "of the time when I was a wanter, as they say. Take the good of your opportunities, John Erskine. Take your chance, man, while ye have it. When a man's married he's done for; nobody cares a fig for him more. But before he's fixed his choice, the whole world is at his call. Then's the time to be petted and made of — everybody smiling upon you, — instead of sitting with one peevish face on the other side of the fire at home."

He ended this speech with one of his huge rude laughs; and there are a great many such speeches permitted in society, laughed at even by those who are themselves the point of the moral. But Rintoul was in an excited condition of mind; contradictory to all his own tenets; going in his heart against his own code; kicking against the pricks. He turned round sharply with a certain pleasure in finding somebody upon whom to let forth an ill-humor which had been growing in him. "You forget, Torrance, who I am, when you speak of this peevish face before me." "You! — troth I forgot your existence altogether," said Torrance, after a pause of astonishment, and a prolonged stare ending in another laugh.

Rintoul flushed a furious red. He was excited by the rising of a love which he meant to get the better of, but which for

the moment had got the better of him; and by all the restraints he had put upon himself, and which public opinion required should be put upon him. He flashed upon his brother-in-law an angry glance, which in its way was like the drawing of a sword.

"You had better," he said, "recall my existence as quickly as you can, Torrance — for it may be necessary to remind you of it very sharply one of these days, from all I hear."

Torrance replied by another loud, insulting laugh. "I mind you well enough when I hear you crow, my little cock-o'-the walk," he said.

The conversation had got thus far during the pause which has been described. But now the whole assembly rushed into talk with a general tremor, the band struck up, the dancers flew off with an energy which was heightened by a little panic. Everybody dislikes a family quarrel: the first beginnings of it may excite curiosity, but at a certain point it alarms the most dauntless gossip. To get out of the way of it, the world in general will take any trouble. Accordingly the ranks closed with the eagerness of fear, to continue the metaphor, and the two belligerents were hidden at once from sight and hearing. Men began to talk in their deepest basses, women in their shrillest trebles, and how it ended nobody knew. There were a great many whispered questions and remarks made afterwards when the crisis was over. "Young Erskine had all the trouble in the world to smooth it over." "One doesn't know what would have happened if old Sir James had not got hold of Lord Rintoul." "Half-a-dozen men got round Pat Torrance. They made believe to question him about some racing — and that quieted him," cried one and another, each into the nearest ear; and the whole assembly with a thrill watched the family of Lindores in all its movements, and saw significance in every one of these. This was the only *contretemps* that occurred in the whole programme of the festivities at Dalrulzian. It passed out of hearing of Lady Car, who sat the evening out, with that soft patience as of one whose day was over — the little smile, the little concealed yawn, the catch of conversation when any one who could talk drifted by her. Dr. Stirling and she discussed Wordsworth for a whole half-hour, which was the only part of the entertainment that withdrew her at all from herself. "And his noble philosophy of sorrow," she said, "which

is the finest of all. The part which he gives it in the world —" "I am not clear in my own mind," said the doctor, "that sorrow by itself does good to anybody." "Stretch a hand through time to catch the far-off interest of tears," cried Lady Car with an unfathomable distance in her mild eyes, shaking her head at him and smiling. This was her point of enjoyment. When she thought the hour at which she might withdraw was coming, she sent to her husband to know if he was ready, still quite unaware of his utterance about the peevish face. Poor Lady Car! her face was not peevish. It was somewhat paler than usual, so much as that was possible, as she watched him coming towards her. The more wine he took the less supportable he was. Alarm came into her gentle eyes. "Oh yes, I'm ready," he said; "I've been here long enough," in a tone which she understood well. She thought it was possibly John who had given him offence, and took leave of her host quickly, holding out her hand to him in passing with a word. "I must not stop to congratulate you now. I will tell how well it has gone off next time I see you," she said hastily. But her brother would not be shaken off so easily. He insisted on keeping by her side, and took a tender leave of her only at the carriage door, walking along with her as though determined to make a demonstration of his brotherly regard. "I shall see you again, Rintoul, before you go?" "No," he cried; "good-bye, Car. I am not coming to Tinto again." What did it mean? But as they drove home through the dark, shut up together in that strict enclosure, her husband did not fail to make her acquainted with what had happened. "What's his business, I should like to know?" Torrance cried. "Of course it's your complaints, Lady Car. You set yourselves up as martyrs, you whitefaced women. You think it gives you a charm the more; but I'll charm them that venture to find fault with me," he cried, with his hot breath, like a strong gale of wine and fury, on her cheek. What disgust was in her breast along with the pain! "There's no duels now, more's the pity," said Torrance: "maybe you think it's as well for me, and that your brother might have set you free, my lady." "I have never given you any cause to say so," she cried from her corner, shrinking from him as far as possible. What a home-going that was! and the atmosphere of wine, and heat, and rude fury, and ruder affection, from which she

could not escape, was never to escape all her wretched life. Poor Lady Car! with nothing but a little discussion about Wordsworth or Shelley to stand in place of happiness to her heart.

"I have been quarrelling with that brother-in-law of mine," Rintoul said to Nora in the next dance, which he ought not to have had, he knew, and she knew, though she had been persuaded to throw off, for him, a lagging partner. He had not said a word about the quarrel to his mother or sister, but to Nora he could not help telling it. He broke even the strained decorum which he had been painfully keeping up for this cause. Already he had danced more than was usual with one partner, but this was too strong for him. He could not resist the temptation.

"Oh, Lord Rintoul!"

"Yes, I have quarrelled with him. To hear how he spoke of Carry was more than I could bear. Now *you* will never betray me; tell me, I daren't ask any one else. Is he supposed to be — Jove! I can't say the word — unkind to poor Car?"

"He is very proud of her — he thinks there is no one like her. I don't think he means it, Lord Rintoul."

"Means it! — but he is so, because he is a brute, and doesn't know what he is doing."

"They are not — very like each other," said Nora, hesitating; "but everybody must have seen that before."

"Yes, I own it," said Rintoul. "I take shame to myself. Oh that money, that money!" he cried with real passion, giving her hand a cruel, unnecessary grip, as he led her back to the dance; "the things that one is obliged to look over, and to wink at, on account of that."

"But no one is forced to consider it at all — to that extent," Nora said.

"To what extent?" Rintoul asked, and then he gave her hand another squeeze, always under cover of the dance. "You are above it — but who is like you?" he said, as he whirled her away into the crowd. This was far indeed for so prudent a young man to go.

From Fraser's Magazine.

ENGLISH: ITS ANCESTORS, ITS PROGENY.

I.

#### THE BIOGRAPHY IN MEDITATION.

THESE words of Caxton's are in his preface to Virgil's "Eneydos" — the *Eneid*: —

Some gentylmen . . . blamed me, saying ytin my translaycons I had ouer curyous termes, whiche coude not be vnderstande of comyn [common] people. I toke an old boke, and redde therin; and certaynlye Englysshe was so rude and brood that I coude not well vnderstande it. And certaynly it was wretton in such wyse that it was more lyke to dutche than englysshe. I coude not reduce ne brynge it to be vnderstonden. And certaynly our langage now vsed varyeth ferre from that whiche was vsed and spoken when I was borne. And som honest and grete clerkes have ben wyth me, and desired me to wryte the most curyous termes that I coude fynde. And thus, bytwene playn, rude, and curyous, I stande abashed.

It is of four centuries back. It is in 1490. Yet when it is quoted by Dr. Murray, in 1876, in his remarkable and learned article on the English language, in the still progressing "Encyclopædia Britannica," it comes shaped so aptly, with so much of philological illustration, that it might have been written fresh to-day.

Let it have analysis:—

Caxton was using "ouer curyous termes whiche coude not be vnderstande of the comyn people."

Caxton could not help it. The language the English were speaking in his day was getting formed: was getting solidity; getting killed as to some of it, getting existence as to some more; was being scorned, and patronized, and scorned again, according to conquest, and line of kings, and kingly marriages. The common people, consequently—meaning, here, the masses, the whole—had no power to keep pace, altogether currently, with every innovation, or caprice, as it rose and fell; and Caxton's "Translaycons" had no chance—and no need—to be on the level with them.

Next: Caxton had seen so much of this death of words, this birth of them, this varying "ferre" in daily usage, his testimony is equal to the testimony that he knew two Englishes: the English of his babyhood, the English of the days when he was a man.

Caxton could not help that. There was the passage of eighty years between the first "langage" he listened to, and the last. Those eighty years touched seven reigns. They covered the most of that century of rapident historical phantasmagoria, when Lancastrians supplanted Plantagenets, when Yorkists drove out Lancastrians, when a Tudor drove out a Yorkist in turn. In the midst of such events, the enlargement, the enrichment,

of English was not creeping in, imperceptibly (as now), by a scientific term, by some new social coinage; it was being brought about at the very root, in the gross, and by sweep and storm. As to the defined sort, or quality, of the change Caxton lived through—he being able to enjoy a smile at the effects of it, and to let it bring him good philological interest and wonderment—it is to be measured by just one specimen that he himself relates. In Kent, "eggis" was scoffed at, in his memory, as a French word. "Eyren" was the invariable term used (lingering, till now, in "eyrie," a nest, the place where eggs are); "eyren" was so invariably the term, that a traveller, one day, calling for "eggis," could not get any. And eggless he would have had to have finished his meal—on failure, it may be presumed, to discover adequate pantomime for elucidation—only that a passer-by, better instructed, interpreted the new-fangled English as "eyren," enabling the Kentish housewife, with much show of Kentish contempt and flouting, to give her guest what he desired.

Again: Caxton "toke an old boke and redde therein; and, after having redde, bytwene playn, rude, and curyous, he stood abashed."

It is the same. Caxton could not avoid it. To stand abashed, in 1490, was to be abased; was to have to cast down all, or some part of, the body, and, by metaphor, the spirit, because of vanquishment and submission. Using the Old-French word in its heraldic method, the *vol*, that is, the wing, of a bird, in Caxton's time, was abased, when it was bent down towards the shield; using it more generally, and in pure French, *abaissement* occurred when material collapsed, or sagged down, losing its comely and befitting shaping. And, in like manner, Caxton, in that sea of "Englysshe," found himself succumbing, flung with bewilderment and humility.

It was inevitable. Because, as Caxton "redde," he was made aware, not only of two Englishes, but of three Englishes, four Englishes,—more. There were the Englishes of the boyhood, and the manhood, of the Caxtons who had preceded him—his father, his grandfather; there were the Englishes of the fathers of these, of the grandfathers of these; covering all that shifting time that they were settling themselves down in that rich and fruitful Weald of Kent they threw in, and that, in due time, gave the illustrious printer birth. And it was only written

books, let there be remembrance, that Caxton was able to handle and enjoyingly open. They were parchment, or vellum, books; weighty, with carved oak covers, with gilt and silver filagree covers; they were rich with initial letters, and geometric margining, and gilt and cobalt and vermilion embellishment, on title-page, on heading, and for final. They were books that "honest and grete clerkes," that scriveners, writers, penmen, "scholars," had reproduced from copy, letter by letter, word by word; with infinite pains of upstroke and downstroke, with laborious concentration, with extreme delicacy of touch. They were, thus, scarce, husbanded, accessible only to such as were honored and all-worthy. Or, from the other side, the "bokes" were matter of more fugitive kind: they were records, indentures, assizes, psalters, epistles, ballads, tragedies. But, in any form, they showed language that grew more and more rude and "curyous" as there was passage back into the dead centuries; they showed form and phrase that sounded more and more foreign, uncouth, outlandish, "dutch;" they brought material to light, the mastering of which was bestrewn with every possible difficulty and dilemma, multiplied overwhelmingly by fading ink, by withering page, by every drawback inseparable from far antiquity and a lost clue.

Caxton had no power, therefore, to do what some "grete and honest clerkes" desired, when they were with him. Caxton could not, out of those "old bokes he toke and redde," gather up and write "the most curyous termes that he coude fynde." The labor was colossal. The labor was impossible, seeing that Caxton was drawing to the end of his eighty years when the idea first flashed itself into life, and was enthusiastically suggested to him. So he only made a record of the beautiful thought, deeming it a dream. He only left it, there in that preface; "setting it up" in quaint wooden type, in queer square commingling Gothic letter, from the priceless "copy" of his own masterly hand. And then, thick and fast upon it, there fell a sleep; a sleep that lasted on and on for a long four centuries. Each century passed; and in not one did there come a garnering of that "Englysshe, rude and brood," that would have paid so well for garnering; did there come that garnering that would have produced a result so rich in value its full richness cannot be assessed. Instead, the "curyous termes" remained in those decaying MSS.; the "curyous termes" became

more and more "curyous." From time to time some choice antiquarian research would rescue a few examples, would rescue a few more; but, as a mass, there they were; whilst, through every momentous year of the time, so much new growth has spread over English, so much consequent tanglement has come about English, changes have come to it as radical as those observable between the days of Caxton's boyhood, and the days when Caxton was in his prime.

But this matter now, at this present date, is undergoing alteration. Things impossible for one man may yet be things not impossible for a group of men. What Caxton was compelled to reject, looked in upon by his "Erle Ryvres," by Gloucester, Buckingham, Hastings, Grey—the axe dripping blood, the pleasant meadows swept of their pleasantness and lying there cumbered with the slain—what Caxton could not so much as point at, is not outside the grasp of an institution with modern facilities and power to-day; and it is of supreme import to English literature that this has happily come to be perceived. The Philological Society, "formed for the investigation of the structure, the affinities, and the history of languages," is at this present time, on this very subject, pledged to use every particle and vestige of its powers. This society, brought by its constitution into the absolute presence of Caxton, into the absolute audience of those "grete and honest clerkes" who spoke with him—of those others, also, who spoke in the centuries before he was born—has now taken the biography of English right into its grasp and heart, has resolved to carry it out earnestly to its full and most interesting end. Those "old bokes," through the society, are being sedulously studied at last. Every leaf of those "old bokes," through the society, is passing under reverent survey. Moreover, every leaf is as fruitful as Caxton's patrons prognosticated; every leaf is yielding some line, some distich, wherein words shine out with their author's signification, wherein words will never cease to shine out with their author's signification whilst words endure; since the Philological Society is not going to dissociate them from their immediate connection, but will quote them, embedded as they are, with the warm life of context round them, letting them be monuments of the service they have been put to, of their origin, and of their time. Thus the society is causing search to be made—it is a matter of



course — of Chaucer (seventy years in MS. before Caxton "redde" the poet himself, that he might put him into type). This will give the Society's Dictionary such English as, —

A shef of pocock arwes brighte and kene.

There is search being made of Gower (dead only ten years before Caxton was born), giving such English as, —

As he her couthe best adresse  
In ragges, as she was to-tore.

There is being search of books such as "Ye Destrucyon of Troye," circa 1400, giving, —

Of alle de craftes to ken as dere course askit:  
Armurers, Arowsmythis, with Axes of werre.

There is being search of books, going farther back — to 1380 — of Wyclif, giving "This persuation, or softe mouynge, is not of hym that clepide you" (Galatians, v. 8). Of books, a step back still, of Roger Bacon, giving the English of 1292; of books of Robert Grosseteste, 1250 (pugilant, he, as well as literary; fighting his way to self-justification in stout English, in addition to the Latin of the Rome he so dauntlessly defied); there is being search of books of Robert Bacon, 1233 — his discourses, preached (some) before Henry III.; of books back as far as the "Ancren Riwe," 1210, giving such rude and brood English as "Me mit quarreus withuten asailleth dene castel." There is being search of books, further — not of Richard de Beames, or Belmeis (1160), Bishop of London under Stephen, writing the Black Book of the Exchequer and other matters either in Latin or Norman; not of a previous Richard de Beames (1127), bishop of London to Henry I., writing a poem in praise of his king, the Beauclerc, in Norman, of necessity; but there is being search of books of the time absolutely behind these, of the time as long behind them as the Old English Chronicles for 1040 and surrounding years. These give such English as "Mæst calle the theynas be northan Temese;" these give, thus, an English that must even have translation in this present page into "Mostly all the theyns by north of Thames," or it will appear only Caxton's own disapproved "dutch," forcing him to cry out, "I coude not reduce ne brynge it to be vnderstonden," making him leave it as he found it — in his own word, "abashed."

Further: What Caxton had put to him only in part, the council and members of

the Philological Society are accomplishing as a grand and immense whole. "Curious," in its small range, is not to limit them. They are taking every individual term that Caxton could have found; let these be rude or brood, dutche or Kentish, playn or comyn; let them be those that he could not "reduce ne brynge to be vnderstonden," or those on the very lips of the "grete and honest clerkes" who visited him in that first printers' "chapel," under the shadows of the Abbey's stately towers. As a result, the Society's Dictionary (which is a poor word, but there is not a better; there is nothing properly descriptive) will acquire, and will set down, the biography of English, not by surmise or deduction, but for fact, in reliable registry; the Society will acquire the parentage of English, its kin, its marriages, its extinct branches, its new-green shoots; it will acquire the life of English, when it was yet young and pliant, when it was straying down this road, retreating out of that, when it was taking to itself stature vigorously, obtaining fresh detail and outline, getting resolved into round tone and temper. As a work it will, when completed, be work worthy of philological enterprise. It is work never before attempted in England; it is work, moreover, that keeps gaining in enrichment as period after period is encountered, and as each period proves abundant in picturesqueness and felicitous samples. For, as MSS. have been lighted upon, and lent, and anxiously deciphered — as Caxton's, Wynkyn de Worde's, and other original printed books have been lighted upon, and lent, and anxiously deciphered, the honorary secretary of the Philological Society, Mr. Furnivall, has been prompted to found the Early English Text Society, that this unearthing might be carried out to its best development; he has founded the Chaucer Society, too, chiefly to supply the parent scheme with additional wealth of illustration. And thus, avenue after avenue of evidence has been opened, hitherto unsuspected of being in existence; thus has scholarly zeal rendered the journey of exploration less difficult for travel, has it brought more assurance that the features to be presented will get accurate and decisive, as well as intelligent, figure.

Now the scope and the scheme of this, and this much up to this, can probably be taken in. Good. And there might well be, here, a pause. Yet, even with this wide statement, the programme laid down by the Philological Society is but partly



delineated. A biography of a language, the Society announces, is a work that gathers up all the words of a language, in whatever period, under whatever circumstances, each word has life. A biography of a language, the Society announces, is not to be allowed to stop short anywhere; it is to be carried right down to the date of publication; it is to give examples of the usage of each word, in each period of its usage, in all the circumstances under which the usage came. Accordingly, the Society has no intention of leaving off the biography of English at the chapter, at the page, where Caxton would have had inevitably to leave it off. The Society is going to deal, in addition, with the recoverable, the surveyable English of the printing-press; welding in the English of archaeology with the English that can be tasted and tested by any one to whom the impulse for tasting and testing comes. That is to say, having taken to itself MS. English, the Society will also take "book-English," as Dr. Murray calls it, in that Encyclopædia article to which reference has already been made. It is this English, in Dr. Murray's words that, "as books were multiplied, and found their way into every corner of the land, and the art of reading became a more common acquirement, the man of Northumberland, or the man of Somersetshire, had forced upon his attention." It is the English, besides, which was forced so strenuously upon attention (this being Dr. Murray's point), there came at last to be no other English. This one, superseding the rest, alone had authorization or orthodoxy; this one alone enjoys it. And amongst other of the privileges of this book-English, it has come to pass that it possesses so many facilities for registration, so many opportunities, and conveniences, and possibilities, its biography changes magically into autobiography. It is self-acting, self-displaying; it requires only to be submitted to able organization, and then its publication, after being brought down to now, can be carried on, from now, hencewards, serially, with infallibility, and (comparative) ease. The full scheme, consequently, or the full prospect mapped out by the Philological Society assumes gigantic proportions indeed. There is no English word it will allow to escape seizure and preservation; there is no English word it will not provide with its niche, or its little gallery, dedicated to it, containing an exhibit of every form it has assumed, at the very moment it did assume it, under all the conditions of its assumption.

Such a word, for instance, so short, so current, as *hate*, may be thought to be insignificant; no word, the Society says, has insignificance. Such words, so lengthy, so entirely "curious" (to present ears) as *agomphious*, *addibility*, *elucubration*, *acinaciform*, *adulbescence*, *concinuous*, *deopphilation*; may be thought to have had burial so long ago, no purpose would be served by giving them any mention; no word, the Society says, has had burial so long ago, it is not to be provided — even to account for that very burial — with an announcement of birth, a history (however limited, or copious, the facts allow that history to be), an epitaph. Did it come into the brain, was it traced by the pen, of Lydgate, Waller, Culpepper, Temple, Bales? Of any writer before them? Of any after? It is to have its record, it is to have its series of records, whether it is only found in a book once, whether it is found in books for a number of centuries, in a number of senses; and it will have that record, it will have that series of records, with date, with author, with title, with chapter, with page, with the set of words with which it is surrounded — it will have that treatment, in short, which will not only show what the editor of the dictionary conceives to be the meaning of the word, but which will be its own witness to all searchers, to every individual judgment, of how the word was employed by the persons employing it, of what was the period of the word's entry into English, of its length of life consequently, of its withdrawal (if it has had withdrawal), and the mode. That all words in use at this day, and getting swift and firm coinage; that every word appearing on this page, for example, will have registry and illustration, there cannot surely, after so much, be any need to hint. There must have come comprehension that the method of the biography in one case will be the method of the biography in all cases. As an attempt to give an indication of this method, the word *pen* shall be taken. "Was it traced by the *pen* of Lydgate?" is part of a sentence occurring a few lines above. Such a part of a sentence will be given to illustrate the word *pen*; for in it lies conclusive proof that *pen* is used to mean an implement of writing to-day. Also, a part-sentence will be put down, bearing the same definition, from some author of the century just past; from some author of the seventeenth century, of the sixteenth century, of the fifteenth, the fourteenth, thirteenth, twelfth (if any

such part-sentence exists)—there will be instances given, that is, of such a definition of *pen* as far back as the mountains of books that have been searched through will bestow. Again, there will be grappling with that meaning of the word *pen* that makes it an enclosure, a coop. This second definition will have instances for all the centuries, precisely as full, precisely as far-reaching, gleaned out of authors with the same pains. There will be, too, in the same manner, the grappling with the meaning that makes a *pen* a feather; the grappling with the poetical use of *pen*, making it, from one feather, to imply the whole wing; there will be the use of it as a verb, "to *pen*," in its sense to write, the use of it as a verb, "to *pen*," in its sense to shut up in a fold; and there will not be one sense of these, there will not be one century of any one sense of these, but what will have its special exemplification, vouched for by name of author, work, volume, chapter, page, date (as previously set out), vouched for in that manner all through, because in that alone is it possible to present indisputable warrant and authority. To sum the mammoth conception up, the Philological Society intends to present data embodying the entire existence of English. It intends to let this be demonstrated (as far as means will allow) by examples whilst English was taking root and free; by examples whilst it was submitting to that tabulating, that regulation, that confinement within limits (though, surely, very large limits), that crystallization (though, surely, very malleable crystallization), described by Professor Max Müller as inevitable, after printing, to all languages; it intends to show, as a mass, exactly the means by which English has reared itself up into that ornamental structure it now shows itself to be, exactly the means by which it has reared itself up into that splendid growth of syllable and sound, to utter which—granted a man has due wealth of utterance—is delight and melody, is, even of itself, impulse or inspiration.

So far, all has been explained. But there is this: It is not to be supposed that any institution, at any period of its existence, anywhere, could have devised such a perfect scheme as this has now been shown to be, at a blow. Like all things else, it had its embryo stage; it had its development. To it, came the stimulus of hearty reception, of quick suggestion; to it, came the more shapely construction brought by discussion, by

trial, by mere contemplation and supervision; came the help accruing from success, from failure, from the enjoyment of that stronger life that sets in when there has been the courage to abandon a halting course, and adopt another that appears to offer a wider and a surer tread. Going back to the germ of the scheme, to its starting-point, it is to be found a quarter of a century ago in Archbishop (then Dean) Trench's celebrated papers, "On some Deficiencies in our English Dictionaries,"\* read by his Grace before the Philological Society, on November 5 and 19, 1857:—

A dictionary (said the dean, pp. 4 and 7; being pungent and thorough throughout), . . . is an inventory of the language. . . . It is no task of the maker of it to select the *good* words. . . . The business which he has undertaken is to collect and arrange *all* the words, whether good or bad, whether they commend themselves to his judgment or otherwise. . . . He is an historian of the language, not a critic. The *delectus verborum*, on which so much, on which nearly everything, in style depends, is a matter with which he has no concern. . . . It is for those who use a language to sift the bran from the flour, to reject that and retain this. . . . The title of *furfuratores* is a usurpation when assumed by the makers of a dictionary, and their assumption of it can only serve to show how little they have rightly apprehended the task which they have undertaken.

In the face of those attentive listeners around the dean as he spoke, this was hitting the target well. After it, there was shown how, from heedlessness or ignorance, and, very frequently, from both (heresy, or flat impertinence, as this may superficially seem), dictionary-makers invariably omit whole groups of words, without the smallest right even to omit one word.

"They do not," the dean said, indicating one family of lexicographers' delinquencies, "always take sufficient care to mark the period of the rise of words, and (where they have set) of their setting;" a failure of performance deeply to be regretted because it was a true "remark of Coleridge that you might often learn more from the history of a word than the history of a campaign." A dictionary, to be worthily executed, the dean told his hearers, ought to be the work almost of a nation: ought, at the least, to have accorded to it the enrolment of a whole army of scholars; to give emphasis to which can-

\* London: John W. Parker & Son, West Strand, 1857.

on, Coleridge was alluded to, again. "What dictionary," were the dean's suggestive words, "would not be a gainer by the citation of those passages from Coleridge in which he distinguishes between analogy and metaphor, between fanaticism and enthusiasm? Many such passages, unregistered as yet, our English literature must possess; . . . we have a dense phalanx of books . . . so vast, so far exceeding the compass of any one man's power to embrace . . . that innumerable precious quotations must escape the single-handed student, even when he inherits the labors of others;" making it clear that "this almost boundless field can only be made available for dictionary purposes through the combined action of many." It was the key-note of the whole conception; strongly felt, strongly uttered. Let there be a "drawing of a sweep-net over the whole surface of English literature," cried the dean, in continuance. "This drawing is that which we would fain see; which we would count it an honor to be the means of organizing and setting forward; being sure that it is only by such combined action, by such a joining of hand in hand on the part of as many as are willing to take their share in this toil, that we can hope the innumerable words which have escaped us hitherto will ever be brought within our net, that an English dictionary will prove that all-embracing *πᾶντα*, which, indeed, it should be."

The Society was roused. All philologists were roused. Indeed, amongst the archbishop's audience were some who were familiar with his aspirations; who, at council, or at meeting, in the preceding session, and earlier, had become aware of the tendency of the facts he was amassing, of how they would stand when he had them in array. These were his partisans already: his *claque* — if there can be a noble sense to that word — without whose previous encouraging support, perhaps, the great philological vision might never have remained long enough in the seer's presence for its measurements to be taken, and its vast outline drawn. And, with the presence of these, who knew, and with the presence of those who heard for the first time, so much of excellent effect was produced, that at the end of the few days that elapsed between the reading of the papers and their publication, there was a rallying to headquarters (as the archbishop was able to state in a footnote) of no fewer than seventy-six volunteer readers; with one hundred and twenty-one authors under their

survey, thirty-one volumes already travelled through, and the results deposited in the Society's keeping. Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle, from 1207 to 1300, was one book being searched, the searcher being poor Herbert Coleridge, at that time the Philological Society's enthusiastic secretary. The "Land of Cokayne" was in the charge of Mr. Furnivall (secretary now); "Political Songs temp. Henry III. and Edward I.," were in the charge of the Rev. W. H. Herford; Grosteste's "Castle of Love" was undertaken by Mr. Weymouth; "Syr Tryamour" by Mr. Jackson; the "Sevyn Sages" by the Rev. J. R. Major; a "Poem on the Deposition of Richard II." by the Rev. J. Eastwood, etc. — this much merely being given to show the system, the earnestness of scholars, the research. These volunteers were only laboring to supply the deficiencies of English dictionaries, though, let it be remembered. Permitting the members of the council (who were marshalling these friends) to speak for themselves, in their published pamphlet,\* their decision was to "form a collection of words hitherto unregistered in the dictionaries of Johnson and Richardson, with a view of publishing a supplementary volume, to be used with either of those works." For example: to *dehonestate*, *gare*, *sopour*, *brimly*, and many hundreds of other words, being in books (and cited in the archbishop's momentous paper), but not being recorded in dictionaries, passages where these words had been used were to be discovered, and all the words (and the passages, for authenticity) were to be collected and tabulated, and, in the ordinary alphabetic dictionary manner, set out. The readers — some of whom are still at the same scholarly work to-day, for all that a quarter of a century has rolled by; with some of whom work, scholarly or other, is all past and gone — were taking the old "bokes" and reading therein for this supplementary purpose, and no other; they were poring over the old "bokes" (such as were then attainable), and reveling in their quaintness, and gaining fresh delight from their rich perusal, pledged to just that much of philological action and to no more. Amongst them (in addition to those mentioned above) there were such honored workers as Hazlitt, Abbott, Rossetti, Lushington, Kent, Earl of Ellesmere, Lord Lyttelton, Key, Bidlake, Lord Robert Montagu, Napier, Craik,

\* Proposal for the publication, etc. London: Trübner & Co., 1859.

Hotten, Perowne, Hensleigh Wedgwood, Littledale, Lubbock, Lightfoot, Woodward, Page Hopps. These were names representing schools wide enough apart for excellent expansion and diversity; these were names affording brave evidence of imagination and more sober wisdom; and what followed might have been expected. Out of the very opulence of such a multitude, out of its fire and fervor—how could it be helped?—the small scheme of a mere assisting appendix burst its bonds. On January 7, 1858 ("Deficiencies" having been read in the previous November), the Society saw the diminutiveness of the tether to which it had itself tied itself, and, out of itself—the tether flew. If the Society had a mission, the conviction came, it was to write the biography of English in its entirety. It would be absurd to waste its scholarship and unrivalled opportunities in sheafing up and binding together a puny list of unregistered words; in following a drawn-up "basis of comparison" with existing dictionaries that was only a swathe and a burden, that only hindered achievement tantalizingly, with the dry dictum that down such and such a path there was no occasion for philological foot to tread. Clearly, that must go. As clearly, other outlines must be substituted. And, with all action out of gear, there came a time when organization was exchanged for disorganization, a time of no portrayal but only expunging, with all left chaos.

"More than a year passed away in combating various difficulties," said the lamented Herbert Coleridge, answering Trench's "Deficiencies" in May, 1860.\* Yes. There could be no avoidance of it. The difficulties were huge; time was consumed in even getting to look all round them. Herbert Coleridge, too—accepting the post of editor of the coming Dictionary, as well as that he already held as the Society's secretary—he being the moving spirit that moulded the whole—found himself impelled to try to reach the highest standard; and this (nobly) made the difficulties more. "The theory of lexicography we profess," he said, "is that which Passow was the first to enunciate clearly and put in practice successfully, viz., that every word should be made to tell its own story;" and with this scheme struggling for life, and at last obtaining it, it is no wonder "it was not till August, 1858, that we felt ourselves in a

position to announce the plan of a new Dictionary as a certainty, and to invite contributors to furnish us with assistance." The resolve published, however, it is good to be able to record that contributors answered the invitation even more zealously than before. In America especially, led by the Hon. E. P. Marsh (and subsequently, also, by Professor March: for the labors of these two distinguished scholars, both in the same cause, are not to be confounded one with another), volunteer readers supported the new editor admirably, feeling it an honor and a pleasure to be working with him, and undertaking the whole literature of the eighteenth century in its entirety. At home there were as many as one hundred and forty-seven similar volunteers. Some, said Herbert Coleridge, — finding human nature as everybody finds it, — some are "first-rate contributors, who do all they do conscientiously and well, and leave nothing to be desired. . . . These men work with a thorough and intelligent appreciation of the nature of the scheme, and constitute its main support; and to their untiring efforts and labor of love will be due, in a great measure, such success as we may achieve." Others, it was obliged to be added, "are deaf to all applications made to them; . . . most of these consist of contributors who volunteered to aid us, and have since either forgotten their promises or found the task more irksome than they anticipated; . . . I set them down as hopeless. . . . They promise anything and everything, but postpone performance indefinitely, neither assisting us themselves nor enabling us to assign the books they have taken to other and better helpers." Is it unusual? It is like the experience of the brothers Grimm, Herbert Coleridge reflected. These celebrated German story-tellers, having left fairy fiction for philology, had published the first instalment of their giant Dictionary just before;\* they had appealed to German readers for quotations. They had acquired eighty-three readers, but had found only six of any real value, and only one (the one who had promised to read Goethe) exactly coming up to their desire. Yet there was consolation even in this, to Herbert Coleridge's delightful mind. "It is well," he said, "not to be forced into print with undue precipitation by the impatience of individuals; and this maxim, which is true of all

\* Letter, etc. J. W. Parker & Son.

\* Still (1881) only advanced to the letter G. It was commenced in 1837.

literary composition, claims more especial attention in the case of a book which is to serve as a general interpreter and a standard of the noblest and most copious language now spoken by man." To which there came this: "I confidently expect, unless any unforeseen accident should occur to paralyze our efforts, that in about two years we shall be able to give our first number to the world." It was momentous. And, alas! it was prophetic. There did come an unforeseen accident; efforts really were paralyzed; and pitifully. Oppressed with the unhelpfulness of unhelpful helpers, constrained by it, and by his own enthusiasm, to exertions more than he had strength to bear, Herbert Coleridge fell ill. Suffering, he still hoped for the two years to pass; and so they did. But they brought no recovery to him; and as they waned away he was gone. "All through his illness he worked for our proposed Dictionary," says Mr. Furnivall,\* his warm friend and zealous successor as honorary secretary to the Society. "He worked for it whenever leisure and strength allowed; . . . in its service he caught the cold which resulted in his death; . . . and his last attempt at work — two days before he died — was to arrange some of its papers." It was because of all this devotion, it was because of all this winning ardor, that his death came as such a heavy blow. In beautiful compensation, it was because of all of it, also, that his death did not bring his work to a thorough end. His fellow-laborers (such as were faithful, and they counted well) were resolved that his ambition should not die, at the least. For the very memory of him, his work should go on. They would continue the reading under the new secretary (there being, as yet, no new editor); they would make the quotations; these should accumulate; they should be sent in. And under the new secretary (in the manner notified some pages back) scholarship was ruled to admirable effect. There was a keen eye to see what was wanted; there was abundance of vigor to arrange that the wants stood a chance of being supplied. In a year — that is, in 1862 — Mr. Furnivall saw his way so clearly he could desire "each man to make, at once, the extracts for Shakespeare's and the Bible words . . . each taking an initial letter or two. Let readers," he further directed, "take one book at least by Fielding, Locke,

Defoe, Sterne, Savage, Smollett, Goldsmith, Hogg, Motherwell, Wilson ('Noces Ambrosianæ'), Sydney Smith, James Mill ('History of India'), Napier ('Peninsular War'), Milman, J. S. Mill, Whewell ('History of Science'), Thackeray, and the host of other writers of whose books none have yet been read; . . . nothing but the continuous labor of many years can make our book anything like complete; . . . the search may sometimes seem wearisome, and the labor of the ingathering more irksome still, yet the work is worthy and the aim unselfish. Let us persevere." And did that look like flagging? Did that look like forgetting Caxton, his "grete and honest clerkes," and forgetting Archbishop Trench, and Herbert Coleridge, and letting begun work grow cold and get abashment? Let Mr. Furnivall's words in 1863 be looked at, also. "I add the names of a few of the many books yet unread," he says. "The most important are Hackluyt, Mouffet, the earliest statutes, Alcock's 'Hill of Perfection' (1497), Duncane Laider, 'Purvey Remonstrance' (1395), the stately 'Tragedy of Guiscard and Sigismond' (Wynkyn de Worde), Atterbury, Humfre Lloyd, Kyd, Mrs. Gaskell, Whateley, Lingard" . . . and two good columns besides. In 1864 he is still ready with these close orders as to what is to be done, he being sustained by the firm belief that excellent doing is sure. "The following books," he makes known, "are at the disposal of any readers who will kindly volunteer to cut them up and gum the extracts on slips containing the printed titles: 'Letters of the Verney Family' (from 1478), Gawin Douglas (1513), Barth, Yarranton, Philemon Holland," and more.

In 1865, though, all this brave light begins to flicker. There is some growing feeling manifest that the work is a very uphill battle. Not that it is the fault of the Philological Society; not that it is the fault of the press. The *Athenæum*, especially, is, all through, ever ready to let literary readers know of the Dictionary's literary wants. But, "Is there no punishment for illegible writing beyond the private maledictions of infuriated sub-editors?" Mr. Furnivall has to cry, notifying one of his small enemies. It is wrung from him — so sympathy feels — and it brings poignant understanding. Explanation lies in the grim words, too, of why living books were submitted to that horrible literary murder of being sliced to pieces to get them quoted. This

\* The Philological Society's New English Dictionary: Basis of Comparison. Hertford: Stephen Austin, 1861.



year of 1865 out, too, and 1866 in, fresh hindrances occur; or the old hindrances are freshly and more deeply entering. There is Death thinning the ranks of the workers again, moreover; and there is ghastly accident. Two or three sub-editors die; another sub-editor, shooting, shoots away his right hand. "Those readers who have not sent in any slips for the last six months," exclaims the too-tried secretary, "may send them in now. Our dearth of extracts," he continues, "for substantives and adjectives ending in *ing*, for nouns ending in *er* and *ness*, for adjectives in *able*, *ed*, and *en*, for adverbs in *ly*, is often curious; and the construction of verbs and adjectives with prepositions special to them, has not been sufficiently attended to." In the same waning manner the year 1867 goes; the year 1868 goes. Marked regret comes in this last from Mr. Furnivall. "We have suffered a great loss," he records, "in the death of Sir John Richardson, one of the most careful and accurate of our contributors. His last work was for the Dictionary; his pen had just finished a verse from the Wycliffite version of Isaiah, when his gentle, able, and manly spirit was called to its rest." There need not be much more said of this sad sort now, though the secretary had to say much more at the time — being constrained to it. Here are some of his complaints: "From some ten of the books in last year's list, and some others taken soon after, no return in the shape of extracts has yet reached me." And, "Readers are still wanted by the hundred." And, "Additional help is urgently wanted in sub-editing the letters I, J, P, R, S, and W." And, "Where we now have one worker, we want a thousand." And, "The letter T has been thrown up." And, "I now want six sub-editors for the letters yet untaken: P (which is heavy), S (heaviest), T (heavy), U and V, W, and X, Y, Z (very light)." And, "'The Full Dictionary' *must* be postponed," is the disconsolate conclusion finally. Even "The Concise Dictionary" — another great scheme's development, forced by circumstances upon the council's attention — "though advancing, is by no means in the state that could be wished." It all meant that the great English philological work that had been ten years about, that had been twelve years about, that had been fourteen years about, was losing place, was getting its fires paled out. It all meant that the great English philological work that was to place England on a

level with her noble French and German literary rivals (by doing, lexicographically, for England what Littré had done in France, what the brothers Grimm were commencing to do in Germany), was sinking to the ground for want of efficient public support, for want of that deep and hot stir that should reach all literary instincts alike, fusing them together into a superb and invincible whole. And was this really to be allowed? Was it to be suffered and submitted to, with merely the memorial of a short *Hic jacet*? Not — altogether. Not — whilst those who had been at the birth were still in life, and still could see all the service that had been projected, and all the pity of a full relinquishment. For — to turn languor into vitality, to turn pallidness into a ruddy glow — all that was really required, it was clear, was a financially appointed editor. All that was really required, was an editor who should have all the brave enthusiasm of the previous secretaries, who should have the added command and authority arising from a defined position, from a confirmed status; the having which should, perforce, make his organization the received organization, and his ruling the undisputed law. Further, the recognition of this never went away. There was the quiet holding to it; there was the quiet looking on; and now that a few more years have drifted by, what has come as a result, the Philological Society and the literary world thoroughly well know. The editor who was desired has been found; his services have been secured. It is Dr. Murray, president of the Philological Society, 1879, 1880; now among its vice presidents. And there is no fear now; there is no thought of painful ebbing out, and slow extinction. In Dr. Murray — to be best identified by other readers as the writer of the article on the English language in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" first quoted in this paper — there is known to be every qualification indispensable to the due performance of his giant task. There is known to be that especial form of fitness that marked him out at once as being within the orbit of possibilities, that ended by fixing him there, the centre.

And the immense forces philology has placed at this scholar's command, the immense machinery by which this eminent philologist directs and regulates these forces, will form the subject of the concluding chapter.

From Temple Bar.

ROBIN.

BY MRS. PARR, AUTHOR OF "ADAM AND EVE."

## CHAPTER XLI.

DURING the first few weeks after Christopher Blunt returned to Wadpole, so marked and visible was the improvement he daily made that it began to be counted on as all but certain that before long he would be sufficiently convalescent to bear the fatigue of another removal.

Those who congratulated Mr. Blunt on his son's recovery further cheered the old man by pointing out that this power of regaining strength argued a sound constitution, and doubtless, though Christopher might never be more robust than he had hitherto been, it was not impossible he would outlive many who now came to make inquiries about him.

Already a dozen plans were under discussion as to where their first move should be, Robin receiving more gratitude than he once would have conceived it possible to give her, because, without in any way asking the question, she had assumed it a matter of course that Mr. Blunt should accompany her and Christopher.

Happily the weather was not very severe, and nothing now but a little more strength was needed to commence their journey. But having reached, and very rapidly too, a certain stage of recovery, Christopher seemed to come to a standstill, and nothing that was suggested, or thought of, seemed to advance him further.

Mr. Blunt, finding ease in the feeling that he was doing something, summoned from London one physician after another, but with no better result than all agreeing, that additional strength must be gained before it would be prudent to move him. How was that strength to be obtained? No one seemed able to solve the question. Christopher, happy, tranquil, surrounded by those he best loved, seemed the only one not disturbed by the delay.

Since February, when they had brought him down to Wadpole, the winds of March had blustered and swept by, the showers of April had watered leaf and bud, and now May was coming to a close—fresh, flowery May, sweet month of blossom. Very sorely had the shifting beauties of this fickle spring tried Christopher; even Robin and his father could shut their eyes no longer, and although neither confessed it even to themselves, each felt a terrible heart-sinking that in spite of all their efforts he was getting weaker.

Cheerful as he always was to them, striving to make light of his pains and troubles, this certainty had not escaped him either; and one day when Mr. Cameron was sitting with him, he said suddenly, and apropos of nothing,—

"I don't believe that I shall ever get better, Cameron."

Mr. Cameron was silent.

"You don't think so, do you?" he went on to say, now pausing for a reply.

"Well, I don't know that it counts for anything what I may think. I have so often taken it into my head that people won't recover and they do, that positively I begin to fancy I must be an alarmist—rather inclined to look on the dark side of things, you know."

Christopher smiled.

"I never discovered it before," he said.

"No; haven't you? I imagine I am, though," and Mr. Cameron sighed a little despondingly. Of late he had been terribly cast down about his friend. It seemed to him easier to give up all the people in Wadpole than to part with Christopher. Constant companions the two had become. Not a day went by without some portion of it being spent together.

Mr. Blunt was never better pleased than when the curate was with them. With the knowledge of past circumstances which he possessed, he could thoroughly unburden himself to Mr. Cameron, and give free vent to those self-reproaches which so terribly oppressed him.

"These illnesses give us ample time to reflect," said Christopher, resuming the conversation.

"They do indeed. To me the illnesses in our lives are like stepping-stones across the dark river. At each one we pause and look back."

"And forward, too."

And the beautiful hope lighting up Christopher's face was reflected back in Mr. Cameron's.

"Ah!" continued Christopher, grasping the hand stretched out towards him, "events are often ordered for us far better than at first we see. There was a time, as you know, when the thought of leaving all behind was a terrible wrench to me; but not now—that is past—that has been taken away."

Noting things going on around, which it was thought he did not see, Christopher was aware of much which those near fancied hidden from him: the efforts at control made by his father and by Robin, so that no contention between them might

disturb him in any way; the struggle gone through by each; the will subdued, the sharp words swallowed down—all was but the surface of veneer. Let the necessity go by, and the old arrogance and dislike was certain to burst forth on the part of his father.

And then, through the confidence freely given him while they were together, he was able now to more clearly understand Robin's character. Unconsciously she had delivered to him the plummet by which he could sound the depths of her nature. Her heart given once there it would stay. However deep down she might bury Jack, the memory of past love would abide with her forever. Nothing was hidden that Christopher did not know. Long ago all had been confessed, and all forgiven her.

Watching her, letting his gaze rest upon her as she sometimes sat, unconscious that her dreamy eyes betrayed the thoughts that strayed afar, Christopher's heart would ask a question, Of what, of whom, was she thinking? In the life she led now, there was such a lack of occupation, so many hours with nothing to do, nothing to make any call upon her. Idleness is a most seductive danger; to those who have anything to forget, tired limbs often lessen the weight of heavy hearts.

Robin was young, and when the years are few the stream of fancy runs so swift and strong, that every passing breath has power to set it flowing.

True, Christopher had but to move, to sigh, to speak, and in an instant Robin's care and thoughts were all centred on him. She was at his side, had taken his hand; her head was nestled close down. Ah yes! a thousand sorrows might be more sad than to be taken now! But though he had tried to speak of the possibility of having to leave her, he had never found words to tell her of this fear. The mere approach of any doubt seemed to fill her with alarm; the old look came back into her face which he remembered seeing there when together they were watching her father.

So, except to Mr. Cameron, Christopher kept silent as to his misgivings. Besides, all was not yet lost; hope still very often alternated with fear, and though seeing very clearly the gravity of his condition, he was aware that much yet remained in his favor. If he could but get sufficient strength to go away and try the prolonged benefit of some purer atmosphere, even the particular doctor to

whom his faith was pinned did not despair.

It was he who from his childhood had known Christopher. He had attended his mother, had been told the family history, and, with Mr. Blunt, shared a knowledge of his disease which others knew nothing of.

It was the recollection of those previous warnings given to him which now stung Mr. Blunt so severely in the midst of what he was doing. Suddenly, without any apparent reason, back would come some speech he had made, some wish that he had uttered. How, thinking that money was running short, fancying that they must be pinched, he had hoped from his heart and soul it might be so. He'd starve them out; want would soon bring them to their senses. If they didn't know how to behave themselves, he'd teach them.

Unhappy old man, these recollections now seemed to madden him! To deaden their pain he would rush to the only remedy he knew of; but with the dram in his hand he would pause, put it down, and turn away—even the solace of oblivion he was ready to forfeit, fearing it might be displeasing to Him who could restore Christopher.

There was a terrible bitterness in the feeling that he was mocked by prosperity. Except in that one matter of his son, everything was going well with him. Never had his lucky star seemed more in the ascendant. Shares which for years had been worth next to nothing daily began to rise in value; ground which he had bought for a mere song people made him good offers for; speculations, risky, wild, entered into when he was not quite master of his usual judgment, all turned to gold and prospered; and in the midst there was a canker-spot that blighted everything, making what would have been joy, heaviness, and what would have been sweet, bitter.

Though the riches of the whole world should come to him, of what value would they be with no one, when he was dead and gone, to leave them to!

In past days, before this dread had come, he had been full of rant and bluster as to what he meant to do. He would marry again, take another wife, have another family to make his heirs and leave his riches to. Now that the blow had fallen, every resource seemed taken away. Not a single thought of comfort presented itself to him.

"Father," said Christopher one day,

when, with the hope of interesting him, Mr. Blunt had been speaking of the unexpected increase in the value of some mining shares which for years had not paid a penny, "Father, if I get well, will you build a church for me?"

"Will I do what, my boy?"

Christopher repeated the question.

"A church!" said the old man in amazement. "Why, you're not thinking of turning parson, are you?"

"No, it is not that; for my recovery — a thank-offering I should like it to be."

"Ah! I'd give most of all I possess to see that brought about." Then, fearing that he had spoken despondingly, he hastened to add: "And so we shall, I hope, in good time; only it seems rather long in coming. But there, it doesn't do to be in too much of a hurry; Rome wasn't built in a day."

Christopher smiled.

"I've been thinking as I lay here," he said, "how nice it would be to have something to point to — to show, so that people might say, 'Look! he built that, in memory of his son!'"

"I don't know what you mean," said the old man hoarsely. "How in memory?"

A terrible grip had seized hold of him; his breath seemed to die away.

"In memory of my recovery," said Christopher simply. "Don't you know how in old times people made vows if certain things occurred what they'd do?"

"Well? and did it come to pass what they wanted?"

"Generally, I think. Very often it did."

Mr. Blunt gave a sigh. Drowning man as he was, with every hope of safety sinking from his sight, each straw of promise was a thing to clutch at. If God — whom in prosperity he forgot and in trouble feared — was to be propitiated by the building of a church, he'd at once strike the bargain, and promise that the handsomest money could raise should be built without delay. He'd superintend it himself; it would be a work to occupy, to amuse him.

Christopher, unable to guess at these resolutions, concluded that his hesitation sprang from the outlay such an undertaking would entail.

"You always say how lucky your life has been, father."

"Yes; and so I've had cause to. Up to now," he added discontentedly.

"In many ways God has been very good to you," continued Christopher.

The old man gave a half-hearted nod of assent.

"I'm not making any complaint," he said doggedly; "although a good deal of what's been done has been taken out of late in all I've seen you forced to suffer. So if anything'll come of building churches, I'll raise one in every parish you like to name, so it puts you on your legs again. You're all I've got to look to, Christopher; so you must set to work and get well, 'cos of your old father."

Christopher smiled encouragingly, but the father could not smile back; the look that lighted up his son's face stabbed him to the heart. He had to make a pretence of getting up to turn away, and stand looking for a moment out of the window.

"From there, towards the right, you can see Uplands," said Christopher. "If the church stood on the hill, its spire would be visible from this window. And Cameron must be the rector; then he and Georgy Temple could marry, and she wouldn't be separated from her father. Only think how many that would be making happy — me, Cameron, Georgy, and Mr. Temple! I call that getting at once the value of the money."

"Very well; we'll talk the matter over again a little later. I see Robin coming up the walk; I think at present we won't mention it before her."

The instinct of suffering was beginning to make Mr. Blunt tender towards those who suffered. His own pain made him quick to detect the ring of the true metal; and though many sympathized with his trial, he knew that none but Robin shared in his agony.

#### CHAPTER XLII.

So as the months passed by the busy world went on its daily round, and the atom of it called Wadpole, while watching its course and the events in which it was pleased to fancy it had some share, grew unmindful of the interests close at hand, and ceased to be engrossed in the affairs of those who but a short time before had furnished the constant topic of conversation.

Every now and again a report that young Blunt was worse would set them speculating, and surmises would be freely hazarded as to whether the old man would marry again; and if he did or if he did not, what would become of Robin? The feeling of wanting to get rid of them had long since been swept away. Mr. Blunt's anticipations had been more than verified. Had they been able to receive

them, no one in the neighborhood would have refused an invitation to Priors.

Georgy Temple was there every day: she and Robin were now thoroughly friends together; and if ever Robin went driving or walking to get the air, Georgy was sure to be with her. It had been so arranged in the family that while the two went out, Mr. Cameron took Robin's place by Christopher's side, and bore him company.

Of those who saw him now, only two still clung to hope; and of necessity these were the two to whom he was most dear, Robin and his father.

It was not that they did not see what others saw, but they could not give him up. With them hope meant Christopher; to abandon one was to resign the other. The struggle they well knew would come, only they strove to keep it off a little longer.

Alas! how pitiful are the poor pretences to which in such straits as these we have recourse, how we talk of things in which there is neither heart nor interest, only that they serve to drift speech away from that which is absorbing and uppermost.

At that terrible dinner which she and Mr. Blunt took each day together—Robin making no opposition because Christopher wished it, and Mr. Blunt forced into acquiescence, because had he said no he might have been asked his reason—every time they took their seats there was on the old man's part the same assumption of his pompous manner; he braked himself up, and puffed himself out, as if intending to do full justice to the dishes that were placed before him. He blamed Robin for not eating, and then sent his own plate away untouched; would press her to take some wine—some special wine that he had got up for her—and leave his own glass untasted.

It began to give him pain to see the young girlish face grow so pinched and thin, the cheeks lose their color and roundness. Mockery! Was it coming to him to cling to Robin? For the first time for months, when he reproved her for taking no care of her health, his voice sounded sharply.

Akin to what took place at dinner was the pantomime gone through each time the doctor's visit was paid; Mr. Blunt greatly here relieved by the strictures he permitted himself to pass on the want of knowledge displayed by him; "What," he asked, "could you expect from a country practitioner, a man whose life was

spent in seeing farmers and plough-boys?" Necessarily he judged everybody else by them. You need have the strength and constitution of a horse to satisfy such a man! Of course he thought Christopher weak—how should he think otherwise? Years ago, when they first came to Wadpole, he had been called in and had said the very same thing then, and shook his head in despair over what turned out to be nothing worse than a cold!

But in spite of his dissatisfaction, he hung back from sending for the other doctor—the one man in whom his confidence was placed. He knew that when he came he would not only have to hear the truth, but he would have to accept it; and with a certain dread foreboding of what that truth would be, he delayed the summons, until a day came when Christopher was so much worse that without a word from any one he sent off the letter, begging the great physician to come without delay.

Silent, brooding, apart from the rest, the old man spent the morning in his library; but as the hour drew near, forced by the fear of breaking down to assume more than his ordinary pompous manner, few would have guessed the weight of sorrow, the agony and despair, which that show of bounce and swagger was meant to cover.

"My friend, you grow worse as you grow older," thought the doctor; and Robin herself, troubled as she was, felt condemned at the shame for him which rose up within her; it seemed like being disloyal to Christopher, more especially as, instead of noticing it, he seemed more affectionate than usual towards his father. Clear-sighted as he had grown, Christopher penetrated the disguise, saw what this manner was meant to cover.

Pressed by the number of his engagements, the great man had explained that he should be forced to leave as soon as the sick-visit was over. There was a train which would take him back to London, if he could get in time to the station. How Mr. Blunt fussed about the carriage being ready! how he deplored that the doctor could not stay for luncheon! what a parade he made of the dainties that had been provided for him! One might have imagined he had no other care, so completely did he throw himself into every matter which had no connection with his son.



Unable to control her emotion, Robin had slipped out of the room. She would wait below until the doctor had gone, and then return. Already footsteps were on the stairs; Mr. Blunt and he were coming down.

"I should like to say a word to you alone before I go."

Mr. Blunt opened the door of the library, and they went in.

What was it he wanted to say? Robin felt she must wait and know; if but a crumb of comfort, she must have it; if all hope was crushed out forever, she must hear it. Suspense had become intolerable; she could bear it no longer.

Oh, what an interminable time those few minutes of waiting seemed to be! Would they never come?

The handle of the door turned. Robin breathed again. It must be all right, and what he had heard must be good. He was talking fast, though she could not hear about what—laughing loudly and discordantly, but still laughing, as the carriage drove away.

For an instant she watched it going, and then quickly turned herself round. The door had opened; Mr. Blunt had come in, and there, standing before her, was a man whose face was ashen, his cheek drawn in and sunken, his head drooped, his whole self fallen together.

Involuntarily she made a step forward.

"It's all over," he said; "all over. Nobody can't do nothing for him." And for a second the two stood gazing blankly into each other's eyes.

Then, as if the weight of sorrow had rent her heart, there burst forth from Robin a cry, echoed by the old man, and they fell into each other's arms, and together sobbed on one another's necks.

Grief, the one common grief, had overleapt all barriers. What was there to be remembered except that they must lose Christopher? The fiat had gone forth—nothing more could be done for him. He might linger a few days, or longer, but there up-stairs he lay—dying. Death was waiting at the door; already the shadow of his chill presence had fallen in that chamber.

"Robin, you'll stay with me? You'll stop here. I know I haven't acted right by you before, but you won't leave a broken-down, childish old man, will you?"

"Never," she said.

"You promise me that?"

"I do. I promise that so long as I live, to me you shall always be Christopher's father."

## CHAPTER XLIII.

GENEROUS hearts do nothing by halves.

Constantly now, looking round the room in which Christopher lay, Robin would ask, "Where is your father? I must go fetch him." And coming on the old man, stricken down and lonely, she would take him by the hand and lead him to the bedside of his son, and there together they would sit, Christopher trying to win them from present sorrow by making plans of what he wished them to do when he should be no longer near.

The reconciliation brought about between these two, to him most dear, had robbed death of its last sting. In the first freshness of his grief, his father would not be left alone, and, so long as she needed them, Robin would have a home and a protector.

Very tenderly had Christopher commended his young wife to the care of his father, who, in his turn, had promised most solemnly to perform all he was asked to do for her.

There was no need to make any demands of Robin. Knowing what Christopher would desire, his wishes were forestalled by her, and the best earnest of her future conduct was given in her present manner.

Perfect faith, perfect hope, peace within, at charity with all the world—who might not envy Christopher?

It was only for those from whom he was going that pity was needed, and daily, as he lingered on, the sympathy with them grew stronger.

People around talked about them, discussed them, spoke of them in their letters; so that it happened that Jack, just landed at Southampton and gone on to London to give some directions to his lawyer, was told by Mr. Clarkson of the sorrowful news about that "well-meaning young Blunt, who lay dying," of his wife's devotion, and the grief of the heart-broken old father.

"Christopher—Christopher Blunt, dying!"

Could it be true—was it possible? though Jack said but little in answer, he felt as if a blow had been dealt him which he staggered under. He left the office like one in a dream, to return an hour or so later, and desire that the papers which were to have followed him to Wadpole should be kept where they now were, as he had altered his plans and was going to remain in London.

In the mean time, he had written to the

rector announcing his arrival, and had enclosed a note to Georgy, begging for an immediate answer.

Come what might—however his interests might suffer—if this news proved true he could not go to Wadpole; there would be a want of decency, of decorum in doing so. It might reach the ears of Christopher, and give him pain—might cause him, perhaps, to think worse things than he now did.

The whole day, no matter what he did or where he went, he could not rid himself of thoughts of Christopher. His face haunted him; his eyes pursued him; a sense of having done him an injury weighed on him like a nightmare.

If it was only possible that he could know something of what he felt—could have known how from his heart and soul Jack thanked him for what he had done, and what he had spared him from!

Casual acquaintances and friends whom he met, remarked that they thought him altered, without quite knowing how. Some men, whom he dined with, voted him not half as cheery as he used to be. The truth being that Jack felt as if he was not wholly there. To keep his thoughts fixed on those present was an impossibility. Every now and then, while seeming to listen to some choice scandal or racy story, his imagination carried him away to a sick-bed, where a man lay dying and a wife stood watching. As an excuse for his going early, he pleaded fatigue from the journey, premised that he had not yet become accustomed to dry land again, and with the expressed certainty that he should be more himself on the morrow, went off to the hotel where he was staying.

He wanted to be alone, by himself, rid of company, so that he could give full rein to the thoughts that were hurrying at top speed through his brain.

An indescribable sadness had taken possession of him. Mr. Clarkson's report of Robin's devotion, coupled with the account given him by Georgy in her letter, left him with no doubt but that the love once poured out upon him had been transferred to Christopher. And right it should be—only if it could have been at some less cost than the belief that he had deserted her—cast her aside; and he discontentedly reviewed the letter he had written her, thinking the best proof of how she had taken what he said lay in the fact, that the word he had asked for had never been sent in answer. This drop of gall, added to his melancholy, but strengthened its bitter flavor. Ah, there

was a good deal in life that we made sorrowful! Chances thrown away which we would give all we possessed to possess again. The same regret, he supposed, came in turn to everybody, only some suffered from ill-luck more than others—suffered deservedly, perhaps. Without saying that this was his case, Jack fell at once to compassionating Christopher. "Poor fellow!" he sighed; "he does not seem to have had much that was bad to answer for; and yet who could be in a more pitiful condition? His one great desire granted him; the wish of his life, Robin's love, given to him, and now he must leave her."

Without clothing his thoughts with words, or even letting them take shape, Jack went on probing deeper. Regret, compunction, remorse, were stirred within him until the measure of self-approbation seemed emptied altogether, and he was looking at the man he really was, unconsciously comparing himself with Christopher. It did not occur to him to wonder how little he was occupied by Robin. Death standing near seemed to hide her in its shadow. She was further removed from Jack than he had ever felt her. Without a thought of love, his heart lay within as a stone. How was this? Why should it be? Had he ceased to care for her?

The same question might have been asked of Robin, to whom a few days later, while walking in the garden together, out of the sick-room from which she had enticed her, Georgy Temple suddenly said:

"Did they tell you—have you heard that my cousin Jack has come home?"

"Home! Here?"

"No, not here; in London, where he speaks of remaining."

"Yes; does he?"

Robin said no more; for some moments thought no more. So completely had close companionship and long watching fixed her thoughts on Christopher, that it needed a positive effort now to take an interest in anything not relating to him.

Suddenly the words Georgy had said came back. Jack home! Jack near! Was it possible that she could be told this and not care? She who a thousand times had gone over the meeting that must of necessity some day occur between them, and the distress and pain it would give her.

Possessing a very accurate knowledge of Jack's disposition, Robin had drawn upon her past experiences for the reproach he would feel towards her. Not a word

had Christopher ever breathed of the letter in his possession; and Robin never questioned but the cause of Jack's absence had been the tear-stained, incoherent petition which she had entrusted her husband to send for her.

Bitterly had often come the thought that Jack had taken his dismissal very readily, refusing, withholding the one boon she had so desperately craved of him, that he would say he forgave her. Ah! forgiveness was not in Jack's nature. Forgiveness belonged to Christopher. But now all this storm of discontent was gone, and in its place indifference had come; so that it seemed to no longer matter whether he came or stayed away — whether they met or were parted forever.

"I told her," Georgy said, repeating what had occurred to Mr. Cameron; "but she hardly took any notice. She does not now, unless it happens to be something about Christopher. I could never have believed how wrapped up she has become in him; it seems as if in losing him the whole world is going from her."

Mr. Cameron sighed.

"And he is so different," he said, "so calm, so cheerful, so resigned; interested in everything and everybody. You should have seen how his face lit up when I told him that Chandos had returned. 'Has he?' he said, and his voice sounded quite strong. 'Now the only wish I have left will be gratified; I shall see him again. Yesterday it didn't seem possible. All the day I was thinking so much about him.'"

Georgy looked her surprise.

"Really!" she said. "I wonder why?"

"You must give me the address of his hotel, so that I may write to him to come down here. I am to ask him from Christopher. Dear fellow! He said so simply: 'Tell him the request comes from me, and that he must not delay.'"

"Perhaps it is about the building of the church," suggested Georgy.

"I don't know; he did not say what it was about, and I did not ask him. He wanted the letter written, and that was enough for me."

So the summons was sent; and with Jack, to receive it was to obey. Never had he started on a journey with so much alacrity. By the next train he was on his way to Wadpole.

Perhaps no better preparation for entering that sick-room could have been

made than the thoughts which bore Jack company. He had spent much time during his homeward journey from India in disciplining himself to pursue a certain marked-out course of action. He had made plans for the present, and arrangements for the future. Suddenly He who disposeth had stretched out his hand, and lo, the project of that labor was melted away!

Was Christopher wishing to reproach him or to forgive him? Was it to exact any promise, or because of that desire which sick men often feel to be at peace with all the world before they die?

And then came the thought of Robin; how would she meet him? and what measure of the circumstances between them was known to those around?

Jack's heart beat strangely as, leaving the carriage he had driven from the station in at the Lodge gate, he walked up the avenue. He had asked no questions of the few people he had seen; and they, in their surprise at his return, of the cause of which they never dreamed, had vouchsafed no information.

The glory of departing summer lay on all around, flecking the trees with russet and with gold. There was a hush of stillness in the air, which made the rustle of the leaves distinct each time the soft wind swayed the branches and fanned them overhead. Between the trees a stretch of green spread out afar, with cattle, prized for the rareness of their breed, dotted here and there, taking their ease.

Surely no other land could match the prosperous quiet of a scene like this! Jack had an English heart with pride of country at its very core; but now, as he went, all that he passed was lost to him, so strained were his eyes towards the house to catch a sight of it, and see the blinds still up, the windows open.

A sigh of relief escaped him as the servant who had watched his approach advanced to meet him.

"Won't you be pleased to take refreshment of some kind, sir?" he said, leading the way into a room where a well-spread table stood. "Master thought, coming from London, you might feel the want of something."

"No; I had all I needed before starting."

"Master hopes, sir, that you'll please to excuse his not being in the way, but just at present he doesn't feel equal to seeing anybody. Poor old gentleman! 'tis a terrible cut up for him."

"Naturally."

"Mr. Christopher is being told that you've come. Should I inquire, sir, if he's ready?"

"Do."

The man left him, to return, after a few minutes' delay, and said that Mr. Christopher was quite prepared to see him now.

He led the way. Jack followed him upstairs to a room the door of which was opened by some one who went out as he was admitted.

There, in a bed drawn over near the window, the prospect from which he could see, lay Christopher. By his side sat Robin.

Only a minute before, as the door was opening, at the thought that perhaps she was inside, that he should see her, Jack's blood had seemed to turn to fire; now already he had forgotten her—forgotten all else save that he stood in dread presence of visibly approaching death.

She must have advanced to meet him, for they had shaken hands; and yet it seemed to him that he had not seen her, so riveted were his eyes on Christopher.

"It is very good of you to come so soon," he began in his feeble voice. "I knew you would come, but I hardly dared to expect you so early."

Jack pressed the hand put into his.

"I cannot tell you how sorry I am to see you so ill," he said earnestly.

"I am sure of that; there is no need to tell me. Of late I have so longed to see you again,—and you see the wish has been granted to me."

While they were speaking Robin had brought over a chair and placed it at the bedside, then she went to a further window and stood looking out.

Christopher's eyes followed her.

"Robin," he said, "come over here near me; I miss you."

She was at his side in an instant.

"I want to talk to you both together."

And he looked at them, letting his eyes rest first on one and then on the other; and then he stretched out his hands, and, while holding theirs, said,—

"God is very good to let us meet like this again. My great desire was to say what I want to tell you like this—when I could speak to you both here, with the hand of each in mine."

Jack's face showed the pain he felt; he could find no voice to speak in; his heart and pulses thudded violently. Robin, pale, careworn, with the fountain of her grief run dry, listened in silence.

"You must forgive me," Christopher went on—it was to Jack that he was speaking—"for having in any way broken a promise I once gave you. I could not leave unspoken anything for her to learn when I am gone. Oh, how blessed now comes the thought that she trusted me!—that that same night, ignorant of what you had done, she told all to me! You know now, dear love, don't you, that I was witness of that scene about which I then feigned to know nothing."

Involuntarily Jack's eyes were turned to Robin; hers were fixed on Christopher.

"It must not pain you," he went on, "anything I may say. It has no pain for me; only rejoicing to remember that you both showed me confidence—both listened to the voice which was stirring for good within you. The finger of that hand, always stretched out to help us in our need, was laid on both your hearts—a sacrifice was asked, a sacrifice made, a sacrifice accepted."

His voice had sunk to a whisper; so great was his weakness that he had to wait for his lips to be moistened before he could continue.

After a time, with a feeble effort to take something from underneath his pillow, he showed them a packet which he would not let Robin open; but unfolding the paper took out two letters, the seals of which had not been broken.

"That is yours, Robin; and this"—turning to Jack—"belongs to you; neither of them has been touched or opened since they were written. As you then gave them to me, so I now deliver them back to you. That same evening I fastened them in this, and locked them in a box; and there, side by side, they have ever since lain together."

Mechanically Jack and Robin turned, and turned again, the letter each had been given. The sight of the hurried, hastily penned writing brought vividly back the circumstances of that repented-of occasion. Humbled, heart-stricken, they turned towards Christopher. His face was smiling, his arms stretched wide as if to encircle them; from out his parted lips came faintly forth the word "forgiven."

Already Robin had sunk down kneeling with her face hidden. Jack, untried in sorrow as she had been, struggled for an instant; and then, perhaps for the first time since he was a lad, his emotion overcame him, and tears streamed from his eyes.

Ah! it is in moments such as these we

recognize that the image man was made after is divine. All he possessed, even life itself, Jack was ready to give, so that by it he could save Christopher.

Did Christopher by intuition guess this?

Exhausted he had sunk back, and there lay with his blissful eyes looking at the two heads bowed down on either side of him.

How long did they so remain? neither of the two could say; all that they knew was that of a sudden Christopher seemed to gather up his strength, and raise himself so that he took their hands again, and, they looking, saw as it were an angel-face turned heavenward to ask a blessing on them. His lips still moved, although — his voice sunken to a whisper — the words he said no longer could be heard; only at the last they felt the hands he held he joined together, and while they still remained clasped, the spirit of Christopher passed away forever.

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

THE stranger who visits Wadpole, and carries his steps a little further on to Uplands, is sure to be attracted by a name he hears coupled with many things he sees.

Blunt's cottage, Blunt's institute, the church, the schools, are all the work of Mr. Blunt, whose pride now is to be connected with every charity around.

No longer ashamed of his self-made position, nor — as of yore — of his humble origin; his boast now is that he was a working man, and made his money with the hands they see — hands which he tells them labored hard for years — hands which can labor still, as he has shown in the building of the church, raised to the memory of his son, and superintended by himself.

Always being added to, always improved, Upland Church is the show church of the neighborhood. From far and near, for miles around, people come to its services.

Mr. Cameron is the rector. He is married to Georgy Temple, and is firmer than ever in that once scoffed-at conviction of being the most fortunate man in the world.

Perhaps there does not live a happier woman than Georgy. The once neglected men and women amongst whom she dwells, much as they approve of their rector, simply worship her, and listen to her teaching with greater respect, because she is a good judge of a horse, and has such an eye for a dog.

Mr. Temple, contented in having his daughter near, seems infected with the desire to follow — at a distance — the footsteps of his son-in-law. He performs his own duty, and seems to find satisfaction in it; although there are many in Wadpole still ready to affirm that necessity, not choice, is the mainspring of his actions. Mrs. Temple having declared that no curate shall put foot in the parish until she has married her daughter Dora.

Mr. Dorian-Chandos, member for Wadpole, is one of the leading men in the county; a good landlord, a staunch friend, rich and poor respect him equally.

Wherever they go, he and his wife have the warmest welcome given them; indeed, it would be hard to decide which is the greater favorite of the two — Jack or Robin.

Besides being a wife, Robin is a mother now; her eldest boy bears the much loved name of Christopher. In him, Mr. Blunt seems to see again his son; his greatest pride is to hear himself called "Grandfather."

One spot in Upland churchyard is always green and gay with flowers, which Robin and her children bring. And when the little ones have laid their posies down, they play around, while she stands looking — where the sun's last rays slant down — upon a plain white cross inscribed:

TO CHRISTOPHER.

From The Fortnightly Review.

#### MR. MORLEY'S VALEDICTORY.

THE present number of the review marks the close of a task which was confided to me no less than fifteen years ago — *grande mortalis ævi spatium*, a long span of one's mortal days. Fifteen years are enough to bring a man from youth to middle age, to test the working-value of convictions, to measure the advance of principles and beliefs, and, alas, to cut off many early associates and to extinguish many lights. It is hardly possible that a review should have been conducted for so considerable a time without the commission of some mistakes; articles admitted which might as well have been left out, opinions expressed which have a crudish look in the mellow light of years, phrases dropped in the heat or hurry of the moment which one would fain obliterate. Many a regret must rise in men's minds on any occasion that compels them to



look back over a long reach of years. The disparity between aim and performance, the unfulfilled promise, the wrong turnings taken at critical points—as an accident of the hour draws us to take stock of a complete period of our lives, all these things rise up in private and internal judgment against anybody who is not either too stupid or too fatuously complacent to recognize facts when he sees them. But the mood passes. Ephemera must not take themselves too seriously. Time, happily, is merciful, and men's memories are benignly short.

More painful is the recollection of those earlier contributors of ours who have vanished from the world. Periodical literature is like the manna in the wilderness; it quickly loses its freshness, and to turn over thirty volumes of old reviews can hardly be exhilarating at the best: least of all so, when it recalls friends and coadjutors who can give their help no more. George Henry Lewes, the founder of the review, and always cordially interested in its fortunes, has not survived to see the end of the reign of his successor. His vivacious intelligence had probably done as much as he was competent to do for his generation, but there were other important contributors, now gone, of whom this could not be said. In the region of political theory, the loss of J. E. Cairnes was truly lamentable and untimely. He had, as Mill said of him, "that rare qualification among writers on political and social subjects—a genuine scientific intellect." Not a month passes in which one does not feel how great an advantage it would have been to be able to go down to Blackheath, and discuss the perplexities of the time in that genial and manly companionship, where facts were weighed with so much care, where conclusions were measured with such breadth and comprehension, and where even the great stolid idols of the Cave and Market Place were never too rudely buffeted. Of a very different order of mind from Cairnes, but not less to be permanently regretted by all of us who knew him, was Mr. Bagehot, whose books on the English Constitution, on physics and politics, and the fragment on the postulates of political economy, were all published in these pages. He wrote, in fact, the first article in the first number. Though himself extremely cool and sceptical about political improvement of every sort, he took abundant interest in more ardent friends. Perhaps it was that they amused him; in return his good-natured ironies

put them wholesomely on their mettle. As has been well said of him he had a unique power of animation without combat; it was all stimulus and yet no contest; his talk was full of youth, yet had all the wisdom of mature judgment (*R. H. Hutton*). Those who were least willing to assent to Bagehot's practical maxims in judging current affairs, yet were well aware how much they profited by his Socratic objections, and knew, too, what real acquaintance with men and business, what honest sympathy, and what serious judgment and interest lay under his playful and racy humor.

More untimely, in one sense, than any other was the death of Professor Clifford, whose articles in this review attracted so much attention, and I fear that I may add, gave for a season so much offence six or seven years ago. Cairnes was scarcely fifty when he died, and Bagehot was fifty-one, but Clifford was only four-and-thirty. Yet in this brief space he had not merely won a reputation as a mathematician of the first order, but had made a real mark on his time, both by the substance of his speculations in science, religion, and ethics, and by the curious audacity with which he proclaimed at the pitch of his voice on the housetops religious opinions that had hitherto been kept among the family secrets of the *domus Socratica*. It is melancholy to think that exciting work, done under pressure of time of his own imposing, should have been the chief cause of his premature decline. How intense that pressure was the reader may measure by the fact that a paper of his on "The Unseen Universe," which filled eighteen pages of the review, was composed at a single sitting that lasted from a quarter to ten in the evening till nine o'clock the following morning. As one revolves these and other names of eminent men who actively helped to make the review what it has been, it would be impossible to omit the most eminent of them all. Time has done something to impair the philosophical reputation and the political celebrity of J. S. Mill; but it cannot alter the affectionate memory in which some of us must always hold his wisdom and goodness, his rare union of moral ardor with a calm and settled mind. He took the warmest interest in this review from the moment when I took it up, partly from the friendship with which he honored me, but much more because he wished to encourage what was then—though it is now happily no longer—the only attempt to conduct a periodical on

the principles of free discussion and personal responsibility. While recalling these and others who are no more, it was naturally impossible for me to forget the constant and valuable help that has been so freely given to me, often at much sacrifice of their own convenience, by those friends and contributors who are still with us. No conductor ever laid down his *bâton* with a more cordial and sincere sense of gratitude to those who took their several parts in his performance.

One chief experiment which the review was established to try was that of signed articles. When Mr. Lewes wrote his "Farewell Causerie," as I am doing now, he said: "That we have been enabled to bring together men so various in opinion and so distinguished in power has been mainly owing to the principle adopted of allowing each writer perfect freedom; which could only have been allowed under the condition of personal responsibility. The question of signing articles had long been debated; it has now been tested. The arguments in favor of it were mainly of a moral order; the arguments against it, while admitting the morality, mainly asserted its inexpediency. The question of expediency has, I venture to say, been materially enlightened by the success of the review." The success of other periodicals, conducted still more rigorously on the principle that every article ought to bear its writer's signature, leaves no further doubt on the subject; so that it is now almost impossible to realize that only fifteen or sixteen years ago scarcely anybody of the class called practical could believe that the sacred principle of the anonymous was doomed. One of the shrewdest publishers in Edinburgh, and also himself the editor of a famous magazine (the color of whose Toryism, by the way, is almost of itself enough to explain why a sensible country like Scotland is so intensely Liberal), once said to me while Mr. Lewes was still editor of this review, that he had always thought highly of our friend's judgment "until he had taken up the senseless notion of a magazine with signed articles and open to both sides of every question." Nobody will call the notion senseless any longer. The question is rather how long the exclusively anonymous periodicals will resist the innovation.

Personally I have attached less stern importance to signature as an unvarying rule than did my predecessor; though

even he was compelled by obvious considerations of convenience to make his chronicle of current affairs anonymous. Our practice has been signature as the standing order, occasionally suspended in favor of anonymity when there seemed to be sufficient reason. On the whole it may be said that the change from anonymous to signed articles has followed the course of most changes. It has not led to one-half either of the evils or of the advantages that its advocates and its opponents foretold. That it has produced some charlatanry, can hardly be denied. Readers are tempted to postpone serious and persistent interest in subjects, to a semi-personal curiosity about the casual and unconnected deliverances of the literary or social "star" of the hour. That this conception has been worked out with signal ability in more cases than one; that it has made periodical literature full of actuality; that it has tickled and delighted the palate — is all most true. The obvious danger is lest we should be tempted to think more of the man who speaks than of the precise value of what he says.

One indirect effect that is not unworthy of notice in the new system is its tendency to narrow the openings for the writer by profession. If an article is to be signed, the editor will naturally seek the name of an expert of special weight and competence on the matter in hand. A reviewer on the staff of a famous journal once received for his week's task, General Hamley on the "Art of War," a three-volume novel, a work on dainty dishes, and a translation of Pindar. This was perhaps taxing versatility and omniscience overmuch, and it may be taken for granted that the writer made no serious contribution to tactics, cookery, or scholarship. But being a man of a certain intelligence, passably honest, and reasonably painstaking, probably he produced reviews sufficiently useful and just to answer their purpose. On the new system we should have an article on General Hamley's work by Sir Garnet Wolseley, and one on the cookery-book from M. Trompette. It is not certain that this is all pure gain. There is a something to be said for the writer by profession, who, without being an expert, will take trouble to work up his subject, to learn what is said and thought about it, to penetrate to the real points, to get the same mastery over it as an advocate or a judge does over a patent case or a suit about rubrics and vestments. He is at least as likely as the expert to tell the reader all that he

wants to know, and at least as likely to be free from bias and injurious prepossession.

Nor does experience, so far as it has yet gone, quite bear out Mr. Lewes's train of argument that the "first condition of all writing is sincerity, and that one means of securing sincerity is to insist on personal responsibility," and that this personal responsibility can only be secured by signing articles. The old talk of "literary braves," "men in masks," "anonymous assassins," and so forth, is out of date. Longer experience has only confirmed the present writer's opinion, expressed here from the very beginning: "Everybody who knows the composition of any respectable journal in London, knows very well that the articles which those of our own way of thinking dislike most intensely, are written by men whom to call braves in any sense whatever would be simply monstrous. Let us say, as loudly as we choose, if we see good reason, that they are half informed about some of the things which they so authoritatively discuss; that they are under strong class feeling; that they have not mastered the doctrines which they are opposing; that they have not sufficiently meditated their subject; that they have not given themselves time to do justice even to their scanty knowledge. Journalists are open to charges of this kind; but to think of them as a shameless body, thirsting for the blood of better men than themselves, or ready to act as an editor's instrument for money, involves a thoroughly unjust misconception."

As to the comparative effects of the two systems on literary quality, no prudent observer with adequate experience will lay down an unalterable rule. Habit no doubt counts for a great deal, but apart from habit there are differences of temperament and peculiar sensibilities. Some men write best when they sign what they write; they find impersonality a mystification and an incumbrance; anonymity makes them stiff, pompous, and overmagisterial. With others, however, the effect is just the reverse. If they sign, they become self-conscious, stilted, and even pretentious; it is only when they are anonymous that they recover simplicity and ease. It is as if an actor who is the soul of what is natural under the disguises of his part, should become extremely artificial if he were compelled to come upon the stage in his own proper clothes and speaking only in his ordinary voice.

The newspaper press has not yet followed the example of the new reviews, but we are probably not far from the time when here, too, the practice of signature will make its way. There was an unwise cry at one time for making the disuse of anonymity compulsory by law. But we shall no more see this than we shall see legal penalties imposed for publishing a book without an index, though that also has been suggested. The same end will be reached by other ways. Within the last few years a truly surprising shock has been given to the idea of a newspaper, "as a sort of impersonal thing, coming from nobody knows where, the readers never thinking of the writer, nor caring whether he thinks what he writes, so long as *they* think what he writes." Of course it is still true, and will most likely always remain true, that, like the Athenian sophist, great newspapers will teach the conventional prejudices of those who pay for it. A writer will long be able to say that, like the sophist, the newspaper reflects the morality, the intelligence, the tone of sentiment, of its public, and if the latter is vicious, so is the former. But there is infinitely less of this than there used to be. The press is more and more taking the tone of a man speaking to a man. The childish imposture of the editorial we is already thoroughly exploded. The names of all important journalists are now coming to be as publicly known as the names of important members of Parliament. There is even something over and above this. More than one editor—the editors of the *Spectator* and of the *St. James's Gazette* are conspicuous instances, in very different ways—have boldly aspired to create and educate a public of their own, and they have succeeded. The press is growing to be much more personal, in the sense that its more important directors are taking to themselves the right of pursuing an individual line of their own, with far less respect than of old to the supposed exigencies of party or the *communiqués* of political leaders. The editor of a review of great eminence said to the present writer (who, for his own part, took a slightly more modest view) that he regarded himself as equal in importance to twenty-five members of Parliament. It is not altogether easy to weigh and measure with this degree of precision. But what is certain is that there are journalists on both sides in politics to whom the public looks for original suggestion, and from whom leading politicians seek not merely such mechan-

ical support as they expect from their adherents in the House of Commons, nor merely the uses of the vane to show which way the wind blows, but ideas, guidance, and counsel, as from persons of co-equal authority with themselves. England is still a long way from the point at which French journalism has arrived in this matter. We cannot count an effective host of Girardins, Lemoignes, Abouts, or even Cassagnacs and Rocheforts, each recognized as the exponent of his own opinions, and each read because the opinions written are known to be his own. But there is a distinctly nearer approach to this as the general state of English journalism than there was twenty years ago.

Of course nobody of sense supposes that any journalist, however independent and however possessed by the spirit of his personal responsibility, tries to form his opinions out of his own head, without reference to the view of the men practically engaged in public affairs, the temper of Parliament and the feeling of constituencies, and so forth. All these are part of the elements that go to the formation of his own judgment, and he will certainly not neglect to find out as much about them as he possibly can. Nor, again, does the increase of the personal sentiment about our public prints lessen the general working fidelity of their conductors to a party. It is their duty, no doubt, to discuss the merits of measures as they arise. In this respect any one can see how radically they differ from the member of Parliament, whose business is not only to discuss but to act. The member of Parliament must look at the effect of his vote in more lights than one. Besides the merits of the given measure, it is his duty to think of the wishes of those who chose him to represent them; and if, moreover, the effect of voting against a measure of which he disapproves would be to overthrow a whole ministry of which he strongly approves, then, unless some very vital principle indeed were involved, to give such a vote would be to prefer a small object to a great one, and would meet a very queasy, monkish sort of conscience. The journalist is not in the same position. He is an observer and a critic, and can afford, and is bound, to speak the truth. But even in his case, the disagreement, as Burke said, "will be only enough to indulge freedom, without violating concord or disturbing arrangement." There is a certain "partiality

which becomes a well-chosen friendship." "Men thinking freely will, in particular instances, think differently. But still as the greater part of the measures which arise in the course of public business are related to, or dependent on, some great, leading, general principles in government, a man must be peculiarly unfortunate in the choice of his political company if he does not agree with them at least nine times in ten." The doctrine that was good enough for Burke in this matter may be counted good enough for most of us. Some of the current talk about political independence is mere hypocrisy and *blague*; some of it is mere vanity. For the new priest of literature is quite as liable to the defects of spiritual pride and ambition as the old priest of the Church, and it is quite as well for him that he should be on his guard against these scarlet and high-crested sins.

The success of reviews, of which our own was the first English type, marks a very considerable revolution in the intellectual habits of the time. They have brought abstract discussion from the library down to the parlor, and from the serious student down to the first man in the street. We have passed through a perfect cyclone of religious polemics. The popularity of such reviews means that really large audiences, *le gros public*, are eagerly interested in the radical discussion of propositions which twenty years ago were only publicly maintained, and then in their crudest, least true, and most repulsive form, in obscure debating societies and little secularist clubs. Everybody, male or female, who reads anything serious at all, now reads a dozen essays a year to show, with infinite varieties of approach and of demonstration, that we can never know whether there be a Supreme Being or not, whether the soul survives the body, or whether the soul is more and other than a mere function of the body. No article that has appeared in any periodical for a generation back excited so profound a sensation as Mr. Huxley's memorable paper "On the Physical Basis of Life," published in this review in February, 1869. It created just the same kind of stir that, in a political epoch, was made by such a pamphlet as the "Conduct of the Allies" or the "Reflections on the French Revolution." This excitement was a sign that controversies which had hitherto been confined to books and treatises were now to be admitted to popular periodicals, and that

the common man of the world would now listen and have an opinion of his own on the bases of belief, just as he listens and judges in politics, or art, or letters. The clergy no longer have the pulpit to themselves, for the new reviews became more powerful pulpits, in which heretics were at least as welcome as orthodox. Speculation has become entirely democratized. This is a tremendous change to have come about in little more than a dozen years. How far it goes, let us not be too sure. It is no new discovery that what looks like complete tolerance may be in reality only complete indifference. Intellectual fairness is often only another name for indolence and inconclusiveness of mind, just as love of truth is sometimes a fine phrase for temper. To be piquant counts for much, and the interest of seeing on the drawing-room tables of devout Catholics and high-flying Anglicans article after article, sending divinities, creeds, and Churches all headlong into limbo, was indeed piquant. Much of all this elegant dabbling in infidelity has been a caprice of fashion. The Agnostic has had his day with the fine ladies, like the black footboy of other times, or the spirit-rapper and table-turner of our own. When one perceived that such people actually thought that the Churches had been raised on their feet again by the puerile apologetics of Mr. Mallock, then it was easy to know that they had never really fallen. What we have been watching, after all, was perhaps a tournament, not a battle.

It would not be very easy for us now, and perhaps it would not be particularly becoming at any time, to analyze the position that has been assigned to this review in common esteem. Those who have watched it from without, can judge better than those who have worked within. Though it has been open, so far as editorial good-will was concerned, to opinions from many sides, the review has unquestionably gathered round it some of the associations of sect. What that sect is, people have found it difficult to describe with anything like precision. For a long time it was the fashion to label the review as Comtist, and it would be singularly ungrateful to deny that it has had no more effective contributors than some of the best-known disciples of Comte. By-and-by it was felt that this was too narrow. It was nearer the truth to call it the organ of Positivists in the wider sense of that designation. But even this would not cover many directly political articles that

have appeared in our pages, and made a mark in their time. The memorable programme of free labor, free land, free schools, free Church had nothing at all Positivist about it. Nor could that programme and many besides from the same pen and others be compressed under the nickname of Academic Liberalism. There was too strong a flavor of action for the academic and the philosophic. This passion for a label, after all, is an infirmity. Yet people justly perceived that there seemed to be a certain undefinable concurrence among writers coming from different schools and handling very different subjects. Perhaps the instinct was right which fancied that it discerned some common drift, a certain pervading atmosphere. People scented a subtle connection between speculations on the physical basis of life and the unseen universe, and articles on trades unions and national education; and Professor Tyndall's eloquence in impugning the authority of miracles was supposed to work in the same direction as Mr. Frederic Harrison's eloquence in demolishing Prince Bismarck and vindicating the Commune as the newest proof of the political genius of France.

So far as the review has been more specially identified with one set of opinions than another, it has been due to the fact that a certain dissent from received theologies has been found in company with new ideas of social and political reform. This suspicious combination at one time aroused considerable anger. The notion of anything like an intervention of the literary and scientific class in political affairs touched a certain jealousy which is always to be looked for in the positive and practical man. They think as Napoleon did of men of letters and savans: "Ce sont des coquettes avec lesquelles il faut entretenir un commerce de galanterie, et dont il ne faut jamais songer à faire ni sa femme ni son ministre." Men will listen to your views about the unknowable with a composure that instantly disappears if your argument comes too near to the rates and taxes. It is amusing, as we read the newspapers to-day, to think that Mr. Harrison's powerful defence of trades-unions fifteen years ago caused the review to be regarded as an incendiary publication. Some papers that appeared here on national education were thought to indicate a deliberate plot for suppressing the Holy Scriptures in the land. Extravagant misjudgment of this kind has passed away. But it was far from being a mistake to



suppose that the line taken here by many writers did mean that there was a new radicalism in the air, which went a good deal deeper than fidgeting about an estimate or the amount of the queen's contribution to her own taxes. Time has verified what was serious in those early apprehensions. Principles and aims are coming into prominence in the social activity of to-day which would hardly have found a hearing twenty years ago, and it would be sufficient justification for the past of our review if some writers in it have been instrumental in the process of showing how such principles and aims meet the requirements of the new time. Reformers must always be open to the taunt that they find nothing in the world good enough for them. "You write," said a popular novelist to one of this unthanked tribe, "as if you believed that everything is bad." "Nay," said the other, "but I do believe that everything might be better." Such a belief naturally breeds a spirit which the easy-goers of the world resent as a spirit of ceaseless complaint and scolding. Hence our Liberalism here has often been taxed with being ungenial, discontented, and even querulous. But such Liberals will wrap themselves in their own virtue, remembering the cheering apophthegm that "those who are dissatisfied are the sole benefactors of the world."

This will not be found, I think, too lofty, or too thrasonical an estimate of what has been attempted. A certain number of people have been persuaded to share opinions that fifteen years ago were more unpopular than they are now. A certain resistance has been offered to the stubborn influence of prejudice and use and wont. The original scheme of the review, even if there had been no other obstacle, prevented it from being the organ of a systematic and constructive policy. There is not, in fact, a body of systematic political thought at work in our own day. The Liberals of the Benthamite school, as was said here not many months ago,\* surveyed society and institutions as a whole; they connected their advocacy of political and legal changes with carefully formed theories of human nature; they considered the great art of government in connection with the character of man, his proper education, his potential capacities. Yet, as we then said, it cannot be pretended that we are less in need

of systematic politics than our fathers were sixty years since, or that general principles are now more generally settled even among members of the same party than they were then. The perplexities of to-day are as embarrassing as any in our history, and they may prove even more dangerous. The renovation of Parliamentary government; the transformation of the conditions of the ownership and occupation of land; the relations between the government at home and our adventurers abroad in contact with inferior races; the limitations on free contract and the rights of majorities to restrict the private acts of universities; these are only some of the questions that time and circumstances are pressing upon us. These are in the political and legislative sphere alone. In education, in economics for realization in literature, the problems are as many. Yet ideas are hardly ripe. We shall need to see great schools before we can make sure of powerful parties. Meanwhile, whatever gives freedom and variety to thought, and earnestness to men's interest in the world, must contribute to a good end. The review has been an attempt to do something in this direction. I may well hope that the energy and intelligence of my successor will enable it to do more.

---

From The Spectator.

#### SHAKESPEARE ON DEATH.

THERE are in Shakespeare's plays about ninety deaths, taking place either on the stage or immediately behind the scenes, so that the tidings are told or evidence is given directly after the fact. Twenty-five occur in this latter manner, but not at all for the classical reason that terrible sights were not to be represented before the people. In many cases, gory heads are introduced, far more ghastly than a whole murdered body; the plight of Lavinia in "Titus Andronicus" is proof that an Elizabethan audience was content to sup full of horrors, and the many battlefields in the historical plays may well be supposed to have included representations of the dead and dying. The number above given is only that of named, and therefore important, personages; it might be increased by soldiers and attendants who are killed, as it were, by the way. The modes of death are very various, and yet not quite all which we might naturally anticipate. Cold steel,

\* Fortnightly Review, April, 1882.

the dagger or the sword, accounts for about two-thirds of the whole; twelve persons die from old age, or natural decay, in some cases hastened by the trying circumstances of their lives; seven are beheaded; five die by poison, including the elder Hamlet, whose symptoms are so minutely described by his ghost; two by suffocation, unless, indeed, Desdemona makes a third; two by strangling; one from a fall, one is drowned, three die by snake-bite; and one, Horner, the armor-bearer, is thumped to death with a sand-bag.

The modes of death of which we might have expected Shakespeare to speak are arrow and gunshot wounds. The English archers are said to have done so much execution in more than one battle of which we hear in the plays, that it is curious they are only twice named as employed in fight, —

Arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,  
Than did our soldiers aiming at their safety  
Fly from the field,

at the battle of Shrewsbury; and Richard at Bosworth, cries, —

Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!

It may be, of course, that a flight of arrows was a difficult and, indeed, a risky thing to represent on the stage; but this would scarce account for no mention of death by them, and it is probable that by Elizabeth's day the use of bow and arrow had so passed from reality into play, that it only occurred to the poet now and then, as adding a certain picturesque detail to his words. He makes the Archbishop of Canterbury, when counselling the too ready Henry V. to invade France, speak only of the pastime of archery, —

As many arrows loosed several ways  
Come to one mark.

The other allusions are merely metaphorical, as "Cupid's arrows," and

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

Guns were still only pieces of heavy ordnance, and though Falstaff speaks of a bullet's swiftness, he is thinking of what we call a ball, probably of stone; and Shakespeare uses all words connected with explosive artillery simply in relation to the battering of walls, and not to the death and wounding of men. Not till the English civil wars did firearms play any considerable part in personal slaughter.

It may be interesting to examine how Shakespeare has dealt with death by these various means, and how far his description tallies with observed scientific facts.

In Arthur's fall from the tower and Horner's death, the physical causes were the same; whatever the outward injuries, death resulted from failure of the heart's action, in consequence of some serious internal lesion, not from fracture of the spine, for in both after the injury is given there is time for one, yet but for one, short speech, and the end when it comes is instantaneous. "Hold, Peter, hold, I confess treason!" cries Horner, and is going to say more; there is no apparent failure of power, but he dies at once, abruptly. There is nothing to be said of the cases of suffocation, since they are transacted off the stage, and no physical signs are described; nor, for the same reason, of the various instances of beheading. The single case of drowning is beautifully divested of all violence, and that which might be so painful is rendered peaceful. Ophelia, having lost her reason is unaware of her danger; she is buoyed up at first by her garments, and then, as they grow heavy, she is dragged down by them gently and gradually, so that there is no room for struggle, and the waters close over her almost without a ripple. Who that ever saw Mr. Millais's early picture on the subject can possibly forget it, or fail to recognize that poet and painter had equally rendered the fact, and yet divested it of its most terrible elements?

In the deaths of Cleopatra and her maids, Shakespeare would seem to have been for once at fault. We say her maids, because the only way to account for the sudden death of Iras is to suppose that she had met and touched the incoming basket of asps, on leaving the presence to fetch her mistress's robe and crown. But, however this may be, Cleopatra and Charmian die almost instantaneously of the snake's bite, after the queen "applies" the serpents to her breast and arm, as though they were leeches.

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
That sucks the nurse asleep?

The poet was quite aware that he must make the effect of the asp very different to that of the viper's, which now and then might lame a horse, or, very exceptionally, kill a keeper, after some hours' suffering, in his own Arden. But there was no one to tell him the mode of death from the bites of Eastern serpents; his imagination is quite unfettered, and with true poetic feeling, he makes the poison swifter than the cobra's, yet peaceful and painless. It were better he should not know or tell

the agonies and the distortion which, in fact, must have marred the beauty of Egypt's queen. What is there lacking in accuracy is more than made up in the account of Gloucester's death by strangling. There has been a terrible struggle, and every physical sign is intensified:—

See how the blood is settled in his face.

His face is black and full of blood,  
His eyeballs further out than when he lived,  
His hair upreared, his nostrils stretched with  
struggling,  
His hands abroad displayed. . . .

Of the deaths by poisoning, two are minutely described. One takes place off the stage, and is only named to us; two are sudden,—the queen in "Hamlet," and Romeo. In these last cases, the agent was clearly hydrocyanic acid in some form, a vegetable extract, such as laurel-water, killing almost at once, and painlessly, leaving no time for thought, but only for the certainty of quick-coming death. King John, on the other hand, is poisoned by a corrosive irritant, probably mineral, comparatively slow in its action, of which burning heat is the chief symptom:—

There is so hot a summer in my bosom,  
That all my bowels crumble up to dust.  
... Against this fire

Do I shrink up?  
None of you will bid the winter come,  
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw,  
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course  
Through my burned bosom, nor entreat the  
North

To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips?

The elder Hamlet, again, dies by vegetable poisoning. There is strong reason for thinking that the true reading of the drug is not the usual hebenon, but "hebona" or yew-juice, for the symptoms are precisely those caused by this, and by no other. Whether, in the then state of anatomy, Shakespeare really believed, contrary to the truth, that such a juice poured into the ear would so course through the body, is not clear. It is probable that he took the old story, so far as he needed to do so, but having made it responsible for the mode in which the foreign element was introduced into Hamlet's frame, used then his own observation and curious plant-lore for the efforts which the body made to cast it out.

The many cases of death by steel are very closely studied from nature. Those who have carefully examined the dead on a battle-field, or in the streets after an

émeute, are struck with the fact that while the expression of the faces of those who have died by gunshot wounds is one of agony and distress, the dead by sword have a calmer expression, though their wounds often seem more painful to the eye. A very careful observer who was through the Indian Mutiny, entirely confirms this. After giving several instances, he says: "A rapid death by steel is almost painless. Sabre edge or point divides the nerves so quickly as to give little pain. A bullet lacerates." This is in entire accordance with Shakespeare's diagnosis. York, in "Henry IV.," dies "smiling;" so young Talbot in "Henry VI.," I, "Poor boy! he smiles." In the great majority of cases, there appears to have been no acute pain; and such distressful sensations as were felt, when there was time to feel anything, were those of cold. Death, therefore, resulted from hæmorrhage, of which an exceeding chilliness, without pain, is always the consequence. Hotspur and Warwick both speak of this chill, "the earthly and cold hand of death," the "cold, congealed blood." The only instances in which acute pain wrung "groans" from the sufferer were those in which death was long delayed, when, as with Clifford, "the air has got into my deadly wounds;" and Montague also groans from the delay. There is a most striking passage in Jeremy Taylor's sermons in which he speaks of wounds to the same effect, but attributes the painlessness of a wound at first, wrongly as it would seem, *only* to the heat and rage of the fighter, who has no time to feel. "I have known a bold trooper fight in the confusion of a battle, and, being warm with heat and rage, received from the swords of his enemy wounds open as a grave; but he felt them not, and when, by the streams of blood, he found himself marked for pain, he refused to consider then what he was to feel to-morrow; but when his rage had cooled into the temper of a man, and clammy moisture had checked the fiery emission of spirits, he wonders at his own boldness, and blames his fate, and needs a mighty patience to bear his great calamity."

Shakespeare carefully discriminates between the wounds which pierce the heart and are at once fatal, and those which allow a few minutes, or even moments, of life. A stab which causes instant death wrings from the dying person one sharp cry of momentary agony, or sometimes purely spasmodic and mechanical, and then all is silent; and with the

cry there is a sharp, convulsive movement of the limbs. So, Polonius utters one loud "O! I am slain!" Aaron imitates the squeal of the dying nurse, "Weke, weke!" Prince Edward, in "Richard III.," "sprawls," after his first stab. Those who do not die at once, but bleed to death, or are choked in blood, speak a little, know they are dying, but are not in pain, and have no convulsive movements.

We now come to the deaths of old age and by natural causes, and of these there are comparatively few. Comedy puts away from it the idea of death altogether; and great tragedies are, as a rule, concerned with violent ends. Yet here, where there is little seeming variety, Shakespeare's observation has anticipated that of modern skill. Miss Nightingale has pointed out how constantly the mental state of the dying depends on their physical conditions. As a rule, she tells us, in acute cases interest in their own danger is rarely felt. "Indifference, excepting with regard to bodily suffering, or to some duty the dying man desires to perform, is the far more usual state. But patients who die of consumption very frequently die in a state of seraphic joy and peace; the countenance almost expresses rapture. Patients who die of cholera, peritonitis, etc., on the contrary, often die in a state approaching despair. In dysentery, diarrhœa, or fever, the patient often dies in a state of indifference."

Now, in Shakespeare, the majority feel indifference or calm acquiescence; Gaunt "plays nicely" with his name; Henry IV. has no thought of the future, but only some faint interest still in the things of life; Mortimer cares only for his funeral; Bedford is acquiescent, neither hopeful nor fearful, "Now, quiet soul, depart when Heaven please." There are a few exceptions, and they exemplify with force what Miss Nightingale has laid down. Queen Katherine, dying of long decline, has visions of eternal peace; while Beaufort, whose faculties are about him to the last, has the most vivid and keen remorse for murder, the only crime which the sinner, as a rule, seems unable to forget.

In Shakespeare, again, those who in perfect health know or believe they are to die take the conviction according to their physical temperaments, not according to their lives. If there be seeming exceptions, it is because some foreign conditions are introduced, as when Richard is visited with terrible dreams, and something like craven terror as the re-

sult of them. But he has been drinking heavily before he goes to rest, and recovers himself in the morning before and in the battle. As an instance of a contrast between two physical temperaments, we may take the terror of the sensitive Claudio, so full of young life and vigor, and the stolid indifference of the brutal Barnadine.

Of course, this whole subject is capable of being worked out in much greater detail, but as in a former paper, it has seemed worth while giving a few hints for study, founded on what has occurred to the present writer while reading Shakespeare through, under somewhat unusual conditions.

From The London Times.

#### AMERICAN NOVELS.

"A FOREGONE CONCLUSION" (Edinburgh: David Douglas, 1882) is graver and fuller in texture than "The Lady of the Aroostook." The subject is more ambitious, the characters more uncommon, and altogether it ranks as Mr. Howells's best. The plot is very simple. Mrs. Vervain, an American widow, and her daughter Florida are staying at Venice in apartments on the Grand Canal. Here they are constantly visited and befriended by the American consul, a young man of the name of Ferris, who is on chafing, friendly terms with Mrs. Vervain, while the daughter, a proud, beautiful, quick-tempered girl, maintains towards him an attitude of alternate friendliness and hostility. The mother is one of those kindly, feeble, feather-witted women, so pathetic at a distance, so tiresome often in real life. Her little mistakes and absurdities grate on Florida terribly, but the girl's filial conscience is perpetually at war with her critical instincts, and her self-reproach takes the perfectly natural though illogical form of anger with Ferris whenever she perceives that he is as fully alive to her mother's little weaknesses as she is herself. Meanwhile, Ferris is sometimes attracted by her beauty and originality, but more often repelled by what seems to him pure arrogance and self-assertiveness. Presently Florida expresses a wish for Italian lessons, and the fourth character, Don Ippolito, appears on the scene as her teacher, recommended by Ferris. Don Ippolito is a Venetian priest, with a curious turn for mechanics and engineering. He is first introduced to us as call-

ing upon Ferris in his capacity of American consul, in order through him to draw the attention of the American government, then struggling with the rebellion of the South, to a breechloading cannon of his own invention. Ferris unkindly points out that the cannon is more likely to damage its friends than its enemies; and in the course of his talk with him lays bare the ignorance, the childlike simplicity, the crude scientific dreams of the poor priest. But there is something very winning about Don Ippolito, and when the opportunity comes for doing him a good turn with the Vervains, Ferris gladly puts the chance of earning some napoleons in his way. Soon Don Ippolito and Ferris are equally free of the Casa Vervain, the two ladies taking up the priest in their easy, generous American way, and doing their best to brighten a life, which, from their point of view, is naturally a gloomy one. How the shadow of a hopeless passion falls on the poor priest; how for a moment, led by the innocently enthusiastic Florida, he dreams of flinging off cassock and cloak and beginning life again as an engineer in America; and how the first revelation of his passion repels Florida and shivers his web of fondly woven fancies, Mr. Howells tells with perfect mastery of incident and phrase. Don Ippolito we feel is but half a man; his science is little more than dabbling; his ignorance of the world is ridiculous, but at the same time, when the crash comes, our sympathies are all with Florida's bitter and boundless pity for the poor, maimed, forlorn creature. Her last interview with him comes nearer to tragedy than anything Mr. Howells has elsewhere attempted, and nowhere have his qualities of reserve, of condensed and forcible expression stood him in better stead. Of course Don Ippolito dies, and from his grave there springs in time a bloom of happiness for Ferris and Florida. But Ferris is hardly worth his good fortunes, and with the disappearance of Don Ippolito even Florida loses half her charm. It is the greatest triumph of the artist that out of material so little idealized, and by the help of the least pretensions of methods, he should have produced a story of such enduring and pathetic interest.

"The Chance Acquaintance," (Edinburgh: David Douglas, 1882), a slight story of a steamboat friendship which ends in very natural disillusion on both sides, is to our mind a long way below Mr. Howells's other work. It shows the

weak points of his manner, and reminds us that no amount of skilful dialogue and true description can make up for the lack of that subtle atmosphere, that adequacy of feeling and motive, which alone make a story interesting, and bestow a charm on commonplace things and persons. The peril of American realism is triviality, and in "The Chance Acquaintance" Mr. Howells comes dangerously near to this Nemesis of his art. His latest story, "A Modern Instance," is not yet finished, and no one has a right to judge such minute and delicate work as his while still incomplete. But, as far as we can see, it deals once more with a subject of intrinsic interest such as was the subject of "A Foregone Conclusion," and we have laid down the last number of it as confident as ever in Mr. Howells's future and as sensitive as ever to his peculiar charm.

Among Mr. Howells's followers and rivals the most considerable is Mr. Edgar Fawcett, whose "Gentleman of Leisure" (Sampson Low), with all its inferiority to "The Lady of the Aroostook" or to Mr. James's work, is yet vigorous and promising. It is the story of a young American who has been brought up in England, with such success that he is wholly English in sympathies and manners. Business connected with a large legacy from an uncle brings him at last to New York, where he arrives, expecting some amusement but more annoyance from the raw, vulgar, hail-fellow-well-met sort of society he has always associated with the name of America, and only anxious to get his business done and to go back again. His first dinner party, however, reveals to him that social grades in America are probably more rigid than in Europe, that pride of birth and class rides rampant in what is called good society in New York, and that to despise America, her institutions and her politics, to ape English manners and buy English clothes, and to approximate as closely as may be to the ways and speech of the English upper class, are the indispensable credentials of an American fashionable youth. With regard to social distinctions, he asks his next neighbor at dinner, a thin, aristocratic-looking spinster, bearing the orthodox Dutch name of Spuytenduyvil, to enlighten him a little, and she obligingly takes him in hand.

"It is a very hard matter to explain," she said, "people don't usually talk about it at all. One usually passes over the whole subject. That is thought to be the wisest plan. I regret to tell you, Mr. Wainwright, that those



who should take the most pains to keep our best society in a select state are often the most careless about doing so. New people are buying their way in every year — every month. It's very sad, but it's true."

"But what should make it the best society?" asked Wainwright.

Miss Spuytenduyvil looked slightly peevish.

"Dear me, what makes anything anything, Mr. Wainwright?"

"Oh, now you are plunging into generalities. I am afraid you are not a very patient expositor. Or am I too unmaturing a pupil? What I meant was —"

"Oh! I know what you meant," interrupted the young lady, with quiet sharpness, "you wanted to know whether wealth does not decide everything with us. But I assure you it ought not to do so. Of course there might be exceptional cases, just as there are in England. But here, as there, the chief qualification for moving in high circles should be to have good birth."

Wainwright looked very puzzled.

"But everybody here is supposed to be born alike," he said.

"Supposed to be," echoed his companion, with an accent of satire on the first word.

She goes on to explain to him that the real reason why he has been invited to dine at the Bodensteins' is not at all because he is rich and Mr. Bodenstein is his banker, but because he is a Wainwright.

"Everybody," she tells him, "knows your family here."

"But I haven't any family — they are all dead."

"That doesn't make the slightest difference. They are remembered; they were among our leading people; they — how shall I put it? You want one to be so dreadfully exact. Do you know we are distantly related to each other?"

"I had not an idea of it."

"Oh! yes. A Wainwright once married a Spuytenduyvil. You help to make a branch of our genealogical tree."

"I am very glad to have rendered you any such material assistance. Is that why Mr. Bodenstein invited me here to-night?"

"Oh! no. You have a genealogical tree of your own."

"Is it possible?" said Wainwright, with a momentary smile of keen amusement. "I was unprepared to find any such species of vegetation on these shores. It's a very different thing from the primeval hemlock that Longfellow tells us about, isn't it?"

"Oh! now you are sneering at this country. Well, you will be in the fashion there. So many people do it." Here Miss Spuytenduyvil straightened herself, with an air of almost forbidding severity. "For my part I never do it. I am too proud of having ancestors who have helped to make the country what it is."

If pride of birth, however, tends to make Miss Spuytenduyvil patriotic, Wainwright finds that with the greater part of her class it has just the contrary effect. Wherever he goes he finds the New York man of fashion offensively anti-American, regarding love of country as an absurdity, and American institutions either as so many arrangements for securing him in the full possession of the enjoyments of life, or as so many obstacles in the way of what his soul desires, an aristocracy and a court. How the sense of contrast between these frivolous lives and the real America, the vast growing nation beyond and beneath these butterflies, rouses the sense of citizenship in Wainwright's breast, how his love story helps the process of repatriation, and how he vanishes from our sight about at one stroke to enter Congress and the married state, let Mr. Fawcett tell; we will not spoil his story. Compared with Mr. Howells, his touch lacks distinction and the subtler shades of delicacy. His literary tea-party for instance is a piece of mere rough, slapdash characterization of the ordinary conventional sort, his epigrammatic comments on the action are sometimes clever, sometimes forced, the conversation is not always natural, and the relations between the characters not always probable. But, take it as a whole, we know no English novel of the last few years fit to be compared with it, in its own line, for simplicity, truth, and rational interest.

The moral of "Democracy; an American Novel," (Macmillan), is as pessimist as that of "A Gentleman of Leisure" is hopeful. The lesson of Mr. Fawcett's book is, that if a man wishes to be a true American he must take part in American affairs; the stern meaning of "Democracy," is, that no self-respecting man or woman can touch American politics or make friends with American politicians without defilement. This brilliant sketch of Washington society is already famous, and we have no intention of discussing it here at length. Its authorship is still undiscovered, its truth to American public life still warmly disputed. But what is beyond doubt is that the writer is in the first place passionately American, and that if Mr. Fawcett is indignant with American good society because it stands outside the public life of the country, the creator of Madeline and Sybil satirizes American politicians, not for satire's sake, but in the hope of rousing public opinion against what seems to him — or her — a fatal breach of trust, a ruinous misuse of

power and opportunity. In the second place, the literary capacity of the writer is no less remarkable than the strong feeling of his work. The wit and terseness of the conversations, the ease and rapidity of the descriptions, the absence of all affectation and unreality place it high among novels and connect it in spite of its many individualities and its comparative sketchiness of treatment with the general school of writing we have been describing.

So far we have been dealing with writers from New England or the more northern States. But the New Orleans novels of Mr. Cable contain a delightful promise that before long American imagination will spread itself over the comparatively alien South, with its patches of French and Spanish population, and will find means of bringing home to us the gayer colors and fiercer incidents of Southern life, with the same fidelity, the same mastery of representation, which it has already spent upon the tamer, chillier North. On the whole, indeed, it seems likely that a wide and multiform development is in store for the art of novel-writing in America. We do well to rejoice in it. For, as many have felt of late, the fortunes of European novel-writing are just now in a rather critical condition. Our own English school seems to have been worked out. Some of our best writers are recently dead. Those who remain have long passed their zenith, and produce nothing more of striking interest. And of worthy successors to them there are as yet no signs. Nothing, indeed, could well be poorer or barren than the average crop of novels which each season produces. In France, on the other hand, there is no lack of power, and at least some five or six writers of conspicuous ability are still in the full tide of production and popularity. But it is a power which has gone to service with ugliness rather than with beauty, the queen and mistress of all true art. French writers have perceived the truth that the day of a certain kind of fiction is done. The conventional love story with the conventional intrigue and *dénouement* may indeed keep its hold on the multitude for some time to come, but it is no longer worth a clever man's while to write it. The modern novelist must go further and deeper than his predecessors. He must come nearer to the realities of life, add the Frenchman, be they grim or sordid, or merely animal and instinctive. Above all, he must get effects and sensations, and if the

old effects are worn out, new ones must be sought in scenes and topics which past generations had at last succeeded in banishing from the domain of art, but which the novelist of to-day clamorously brings back upon us in the name of truth. Hence the upgrowth of French realism, of M. Zola and M. Daudet and M. Dumas fils. If ever a school was marked with decadence, with the signs at once of literary satiety and moral extravagance, it is the school which has produced "L'Assommoir" and "Nana Roumestan." It draws life, indeed, but life ragged and sore and hideous as M. Zola's Parisian *canaille*. Many of us at least have never been able to reconcile ourselves to the descent of so dark a fate upon an art whose first and last mission is to bring us pleasure. And to such rebels against French aims and methods, these new American novels are full of promise and consolation. For they prove that, rightly scanned, life is as full as ever of subjects that charm without wounding and amuse without degrading, that realistic description need not be sensual description, and that a novelist may escape conventionality without falling back upon topics which excite all that is most dangerous and least controllable in human nature.

One great European novelist, indeed, there is, whose art is as wholesome as it is original and powerful. But upon Tourgueniev there lies the shadow of Russian unrest and anxiety, of an old European nation struggling with desperate problems and deep-rooted social miseries. Hence his realism, impressive and noble as it is, is always more or less sombre, and runs naturally into tragedy. The light-heartedness and sparkle of American dialogue, the youth of American society, the boundless promise-filled horizons of the New World, make a cheering contrast to this massive, melancholy art. At the same time the comparison shows us the weak points of such work as we have been describing. It impresses upon us that this new American literature is still greatly lacking in soul, in poetry, in the higher kind of seriousness. Grace, vivacity, truth to nature, tenderness of feeling, it has all these; what it wants we shall never realize so clearly as when we compare it with the finest work of Tourgueniev or, better still, with that of our own George Eliot. No living American writer, so far as we yet know, could have written, say, the scene between Mr. Gilfil and Caterina, after Caterina's flight, in "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story." It is by no

means one of George Eliot's finest scenes, but it possesses a peculiar pathetic quality of which, so far, American fiction has shown few traces. Life, however, is full of just such pathos, and a writer like Mr. Howells will scarcely reach the highest summit of his art till he has added this note also to his range, till, finally, he has learnt to move our hearts as powerfully as he has long since charmed and satisfied our taste.

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
PATRIOTIC POETRY.

THERE is a well-known question which many acute inquirers have discussed since Vico, but concerning which they cannot be said to have arrived at a satisfactory solution. What is ascertainable as to the existence of any law governing the relations between periods of greatness in a nation's political history and periods of greatness in its literature? On the one hand, it must be admitted that literature, like history, never really repeats itself; and again, the periods of a national greatness, conscious of its own aims and ideals, are after all rare enough in the annals of the world. But even to a question much narrower than the above, though analogous to it, a categorical answer will not very readily present itself. Is it not true — and if so what accounts for the fact? — that the literature of a nation in periods distinguished by its greatest efforts of patriotic action is by no means always pervaded by a corresponding spirit of patriotism? Of course, not every endeavor made on a nation's behalf deserves to be called a national struggle; not every war waged in a people's name is in truth a popular war; not every great man to whom later historians justly assign a prominent place among his country's worthies was in his lifetime, or during the whole of it, looked upon by her as one of her chosen heroes. There is no need to go very far back in our own history for illustrations of this truth, or truism. The famous angel of Blenheim, as Thackeray says, flew off with the fortunate author of simile and poem, "and landed him in the place of Commissioner of Appeals." But except among those who had personal reason for pride in the "famous victory," the admiration for Addison's hero, and the enthusiasm for the Whigs' War, failed to prove so strong as the old English sentiments of insularity, and the enthusiasm

for the identity between Church and State, which helped to bring about the overthrow of Marlborough and his friends, and to prepare the conclusion of a far from glorious peace. During the great struggle of England against Napoleon, many fluent English writers of verse strained their energies in odes to Wellington, and in celebration of his splendid achievements; but the people's heart was never touched as it had been when Campbell sang Nelson and his sailors, and, like Dryden before him,\* boldly pressed the legendary beings of the sea into the obsequies of our naval heroes: —

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride  
Once so faithful and so true,  
On the deck of fame that died  
With the gallant good Riou;  
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !  
While the billow mournful rolls,  
And the mermaid's song condoles,  
Singing glory to the souls  
Of the brave.

Still more capricious are the reflections in our poetic literature of the great domestic agitations of our national life. The hopes and the fears of the great Reform Bill movement of 1831-2, so far as I know, lack their sacred bard; but it is no isolated opinion that the struggle against the Corn Laws, could its records be obliterated from the page of history, would possess a worthy memorial in the rhymes of at least one unforgotten poet of the people.

Is it, then, possible for posterity, through its poets, to make good the shortcomings of contemporaries? No man, we have been told, ever wrote a history deserving to live of any country or people save his own. There is a grain of truth in the remark, however discouraging it may be to some of us; for it is beyond all doubt difficult, unless under circumstances so exceptional as almost to prove the rule, for any historian to feel towards a foreign country that all-informing sympathy which is at times truer than study, as the proverb declares blood to be thicker than water. But whether or not his own country's story be his theme, every honest historical writer must needs desire to do his own part towards supplementing the defects, or correcting the errors, of earlier judgments of events and the actors in them. His success will often be small with that wider audience which has no

\* "Lawson amongst the foremost met his fate,  
Whom sea-green sirens from the rocks lament;  
Thus, as an offering for the Grecian state,  
He first was killed who first to battle went."  
(Annus Mirabilis.)

desire for re-opening cases already settled for it by its favorite authorities. The effort is not everywhere readily made to distinguish between the real queen Elizabeth and Gloriana, or between Richard III. and the Richard of Shakespeare's play. Thus a task both novel and noble seems to offer itself to the poets of an age like our own, more given to critical inquiry than its predecessors, and better equipped for such a purpose than they. Far from ignoring the impulses of patriotic sentiment still common among our countrymen, or mistrusting the same feelings in themselves, our poets may, with a fair prospect of success, seek to judge the great actors and events of our national history without the partisanship and prejudice which were hardly to be avoided by our ancestors, and may thus stimulate the "high spirit" of the present age, while rectifying many a misjudgment of the past. Nor can there be much doubt but that the freer the forms in which such attempts are made, the less likely will they be to fail of achieving their ends. No writer of our times will be tempted to revive, with or without the adornment of subtle stanza-forms, the versified chronicle of the thirteenth century, beginning with the siege of Troy or the foundation of Troynovant, and duly brought down to the great thunderstorm which most recently "o'er pale Britannia passed." Nor is the much-adapted "Mirror for Magistrates" capable of readaptation for the use of the nineteenth century, nor would another "Albion's England," vivacious even to a fault as Warner's verse is, fall otherwise than flat upon modern ears.

Whether a second period of splendor awaits that uniquely English growth, the dramatic history, it will perhaps be time enough to discuss when we have again become possessed of a really national theatre. No classical or modern literature has anything which can exactly be compared to this wonderful growth of English patriotic poetry. The national historical element in Attic tragedy was, as a rule, allusive only; and of the Roman *prætextæ* we hardly know enough to justify anything beyond conjecture. The dramatic literatures of other modern nations have still fewer analogous growths, except where they have avowedly followed the Shakespearian model. Signs are not wanting that in this direction also the English drama may once more assert its prerogative. But in the mean time a form of poetry more elastic than either the epical or the dramatic will most readily lend

itself to a treatment of our national history, at once eclectic and comprehensive, in accordance with the double tendency of our age. No doubt a supply of patriotic poetry, whether lyrical or other, is not to be obtained at command like a line of fortresses or an iron-clad fleet; and it would be worse than futile to attempt to predict the course of our own or of any other poetic literature. One thing, however, may be asserted without presumptuousness. Whenever a true poet, who is also a true patriot, seeks to treat our national history poetically, without losing sight of the inner continuity belonging to it, his endeavor must establish a claim upon the recognition of all in whose moral and imaginative world the history of their country has a share. To make the highest of all human arts subservient to any ends but its own, would indeed be to misunderstand, and thereby to degrade, poetry itself. And even were this not so, patriotism is neither the very noblest of all the emotions that wing the soul of man, nor one of those which appeal with the same force to every human heart. The poet's choice is free; but for an age which is like our own, in love with its own indefiniteness, and many of whose children find no study so interesting as their own complex beings, nothing could be more salutary than that its poets should "memorize anew the ancestry" of the heroes and the heroism of a great nation like our own. It is not, I think, going too far to say that our younger generation at least frequently takes too narrow a view of the culture which it professes to worship, dissociating from it much which is not indeed culture's highest end, but which itself forms one of true culture's best parts. Such a generation needs invigorating as well as refining; and for Englishmen at least the time has not yet come when life would be worth living apart from the duties and aspirations of patriotism. Happily, the duties and aspirations in question are such as neither our own nor any previous period of English poetry has been contented altogether to ignore.

*In magnis voluisse sat est*, but it is not only as a first effort, conceived in a spirit worthy of its purpose, in the direction I have sought to indicate, that Mr. F. T. Palgrave's recently published "Visions of England" will in my belief take their place in our poetic literature. Nothing that Mr. Palgrave does is idly done; and he had reasons which if not all equally convincing are all worth listening to, for

his choice of title, his choice of subjects, and his choice of metres. With this last however I have no wish here to concern myself; and indeed it would be venturesome to argue with the master of so many stanza-forms, none of which (I may say in passing) he seems to me to employ more musically than that of the touching poem "A Crusader's Tomb." One who is both artist and critic like Mr. Palgrave was unlikely to fall into the cardinal error of confounding historical poetry with poetical history, or in other words to let his historical opinions—which are often so decided that they might almost be called historical principles—dictate either the choice or the treatment of his themes. "Poetry, not History," as he very plainly expresses it, "has been my first and last aim; or, perhaps I might define it, History for Poetry's sake." But he has at the same time striven, as was not only natural in his father's son, but perfectly compatible with the chief or artistic aim of his book, "to keep throughout as closely to absolute historical truth in the design and coloring of the pieces as the exigencies of poetry permit." As the poems in this volume are lyrical, its several parts have no outward or necessary connection with one another; and the author was able to choose at his own will such characters and scenes in the national history as might appear to him "leading" or "typical." The vagueness of the latter term is convenient; but whatever may be thought of the selection actually made, the principle on which it has proceeded is obvious. The difficulty lay in the infusion of that element which may be called the dramatic, and which justifies the title given by Mr. Palgrave to his book. Each poem forming part of it is described as a "Vision of England," and is therefore to carry back the reader into "the atmosphere of the age" of which it treats. But while dramatically reproducing the spirit of so many generations in connection with some of their chief events and figures, Mr. Palgrave has wished at the same time, according to the best of his ability, "to set forth each scene or character in its essential" historical "truth." His "Visions" are to be, not the delusive phantoms conjured up by the *Geisterseher*, who knows very well what spirits he and his patrons wish to see, but the revelations granted to the "prophet looking back"—the student to whom "the research and genius" of the best historians have furnished the means of which he makes conscientious use. In this sense the patriotic poet gaz-

ing upon the tomb of a dead hero may both see more, and see what he sees more truly, than beholders can to whom the past is dead, or than the buried hero's contemporaries could, to whom the significance of his deeds could be but darkly visible.

This is the poet's right!  
He looks with larger sight  
Than they who hedge their view by present things,  
The small, parochial world  
Of sight and touch: and what he sees, he sings.

The epithet "parochial" has a Beaconsfield sound, if not a Beaconsfield origin; but the sentiment of the stanza recalls Spenser's lines, to which it is of course only on the first glance contradictory,—

Why then should witlesse man so much misweene,  
That nothing is but that which he hath seene?

Nothing could be more out of place than for me to enter here upon a discussion of the estimates formed by Mr. Palgrave of the historical authorities upon whom he principally relies. Among these it is not only piety which places Sir Francis Palgrave and Hallam in the front rank. The former of these was a historian to whose mind not only such an event as the battle of Hastings, but even so pragmatical a transaction as the compilation of Domesday Book at once translated itself into a vivid picture—a complete section, as the botanists say, of the nation's historic life. Hallam's reputation for impartial wisdom, which survived the piteous groans of Southey, will likewise, unless we mistake, survive certain more recent cavils; in Mr. Palgrave he has an enthusiastic admirer, indeed, one enthusiastic enough to quote him out of as well as in season. (Hallam's admission that during the eleven years of non-Parliamentary government, England "had grown into remarkable prosperity and affluence," hardly supports the enthusiastic "Vision" of the time

When the kingdom had wealth and peace,  
one smile o'er the face of the land,

if taken in conjunction with Hallam's further observation that "it would have been an excess of loyal stupidity in the nation to have attributed their riches to the wisdom or virtue of the court, which had injured the freedom of trade by monopolies and arbitrary proclamations, and driven away industrious manufacturers by persecution.") Altogether, I am by no



means sure that as to the revolutionary period Mr. Palgrave does not ride rather too daringly on the wave of reaction with the strength of which Professors Gardiner and Seeley have something to do; but this is of course a matter of opinion. On the other hand I rejoice that he should have given so much attention to Ranke, and should have said of him what, in England at least, has never been so well said before, that to him we owe the only narrative of the Civil War period "in which history is treated *historically*, that is without judging of the events by the light either of their remote results, or of modern political party." I pass by Mr. Palgrave's references to his other chief authorities, except to note the generous spirit—generous to Ireland as well as to her distinguished historian—in which he appeals to Mr. Lecky's truly "invaluable chapters" on Irish history, and to recall his frequent use of our most recent historical classic, Mr. J. R. Green. The extraordinary richness of Mr. Green's narrative, which we teachers sometimes find overflowing the vessels into whose emptiness it has been poured, is best attested by the wealth of ideas as well as pictures which it suggests to a fertile mind like that of the author of the "Visions."

Mr. Palgrave's own choice of subjects and method of treatment are nearly always full of interest, and at times singularly striking. As to the former, hereditary tastes perhaps help to attract him more especially to the earlier periods of our history; but every true poet is a child of his times, and it is not in vain that Mr. Freeman's great histories, as well as his occasional utterances, have appealed to the nationality principle which dominates the political life of our age. The "true-born Englishman" of the present day can at the most glory in a "race, of many races well-compact;" but his sympathy is strongest with those figures and deeds which seem most purely English.

Harold was England: and Harold lies here, are the closing words of Mr. Palgrave's spirited ballad of Hastings fight; and with a sure instinct he celebrates as the very flower of our national heroism that "darling of the English" who is peerless among our kings, Alfred the Great:—

To service or command, to low and high  
Equal at once in magnanimity,

The Great by right divine thou only art!  
Fair star, that crowns the front of England's  
morn,

Royal with Nature's royalty inborn,  
And English to the very heart of heart!

But the "Visions" lose nothing of their vividness as they come to occupy themselves with the Norman and Plantagenet times; and in grandeur of conception there is certainly nothing in the volume that surpasses the fine poem entitled "The Rejoicing of the Land," of which the date is fixed in 1295, the real birth-year of our Parliamentary institutions "as representing at once the culminating point in the reign of Edward, and of mediævalism in England." Here the poet, like Gray's bard, ranges at will through the history of the nation, contrasting tyranny with tyranny, and ending his strain with a beautiful picture of the prosperity and piety which consort so well with an era of peace. It is a poetic picture corresponding to those of which the eminent German historian of England, who has lately passed away, loved to sketch the outlines in prose. I have not noticed any reference in Mr. Palgrave's notes to Pauli, whose premature death has cut short at so early a point as the beginning of the Tudor period a noble historical narrative which is still unfortunately a closed book to too many Englishmen.

Over the Tudor period Mr. Palgrave himself certainly does not seem to linger with any pronounced predilection. His heart goes up to the Oxford reformers as the earliest representatives of what was most enduring in the influences of the English Renaissance; and it is satisfactory to find him recognizing in the noblest of these scholars, Sir Thomas More, the purest figure of a turbid age:—

Blest soul, who through life's course  
Didst keep the young child's heart unstain'd  
and whole,

To find again the cradle at the goal,  
Like some fair stream returning to its source;  
Ill fall'n on days of falsehood, greed and force!  
Base days, that win the plaudits of the base,  
Writ to their own disgrace,  
With casuist sneer o'erglossing works of blood,  
Miscalling evil, good;  
Before some despot-hero falsely named  
Grovvelling in shameful worship unashamed.

The extremes of Edward and Mary are alike virtually passed by; the Muse cannot breathe easily in so overcharged an atmosphere. But of the Elizabethan times the "Visions" recall some of the most striking figures—among them the unhappy woman who is here not treated as a vile Duessa, but as the victim of passion and of fate; and Astrophel, more

radiant than ever as he casts off the dross of earth; and the Utopian venturer, to us at once the most modern and the most representative of the later Elizabethans, — Sir Walter Raleigh. Of course Queen Elizabeth herself once more appears at Tilbury; but though the date "September, 1558," is a little misleading, the poem is skilfully arranged so as to celebrate at once the conflict between the Armada and the "English boats on the English sea," and the scattering of the foe by the blast from on high.

A very eminent authority, of whose labors any student of English history is glad to be able to seize an opportunity of acknowledging his admiring recognition, has accorded to Mr. Palgrave's historical insight praise by the side of which all words of mine must be valueless. Canon Stubbs writes: "I do not think that there is one of the 'Visions' which does not carry my thorough consent and sympathy all through." For myself, I confess that I could not say as much with reference to those of Mr. Palgrave's patriotic lyrics which treat of the struggle between the king and the Commons. One's own sympathies may lie altogether with that "golden moderation" which the poet commends in the fine stanzas "At Bemerton;" but there are times in the national life, as in individual lives when the great question "*for or against?*" *for the law or against the law, for the right or against the right*, presents itself categorically, and when on the answer given to it by the leaders of the people depends the future of the land. Pym was, let it be granted, a

deep stately designer, the subtle in simple disguised,  
Artist in plots, projector of panics he used,  
and despised!

and Cromwell may be called, by way of supreme reproach, "Philistia's child and chief;" but whether they were Conservatives or Philistines, they and those who stood by them saved our freedom. And for my part I cannot picture Hampden to myself riding, wounded to death, off Chalgrove Field with uncertainty in his soul; nor can I join in calling Milton "untrue to himself" as well as "to the sweet Muses," when like an Athenian of old he did his duty in choosing his side in the hour of civil conflict.

By a progress more rapid than one could wish, the "Visions" bring us down to later times and even to our own day — to Trafalgar and Torres Vedras, to the aw-

ful Indian catastrophes in 1842 and 1857, and to the gentler associations also of the Victorian age. Nowhere is the poet wanting in a generosity of spirit which is the moral mark of his verse, which strives to be just even to Indians and Irishmen, and is not afraid to recognize an element of unconscious heroism even in so palpable a historical and political failure as that of Richard Cromwell. But even were this not so, the fresh and self-consistent individuality of Mr. Palgrave's book gives it a charm, and I may add a strength, to which no collection of patriotic lyrics by several writers is likely to attain. I doubt for instance whether any one of Mr. Palgrave's "Visions" can be compared in mere literary excellence to many of the "Poems of English Heroism" arranged together by Mr. A. C. Auchmuty in an unpretending little volume of which one would rejoice to hear as known and esteemed by our rising generation. But taken together, the lyrics of the one scholar and poet have the inestimable advantage of an inner unity which no arranging or editing can simulate, but which is due to the transfusion of materials by one artistic endeavor. There are many minor points in Mr. Palgrave's method of treatment to which exception might perhaps be taken; but these seem to me of little importance for the total effect of the book, which not only deserves, but, as it were, demands to be received as a single wreath of laurel offered to his country by a poet. I think that he has availed himself rather too frequently of his poetic right to compare, so to speak, by anticipation, to think of La Haye Sainte on the hill of Senlac, and of Balaclava as the mists clear off before the walls of Zutphen. I think moreover that it would have been well had he in so short a series of lyrics — far too short for the capabilities of the conception and for the spirit with which it has been executed — avoided the occasional repetition of the same, or similar, *motifs*. The anonymous "Old Dane," the hero of a singularly pleasing little poem, pairs off with the nameless Crusader; and in both Earl Simon at Evesham and King Edward at Crecy, the paternal feeling appears more or less predominant. But these are mere impressions; and still less should I care to cavil at one or two historical or literary touches of detail which seem to me of doubtful accuracy. The historical scholarship of the book as a whole, seems to me, if I may venture to say so, of a very high order indeed.

As an experiment in poetic literature, which if not absolutely new, is at all events made under totally new conditions, these "Visions of England" may be destined to occupy and interest criticism when much of the verse that is now popular or fashionable has fluttered away with the leaves of the season. In the mean time, I hope Mr. Palgrave may be inclined to enlarge and develop a conception prompted by an ambition at once aspiring and legitimate. Should his book, in an ampler and fuller form, achieve an enduring success, it can hardly fail to become the beginning of a new species of patriotic poetry. Should it happen otherwise, the age too may in some measure be in fault.

A. W. WARD.

From Temple Bar.

OVID, AN APOLOGIA.

ROGERS in his "Recollections" says that Grattan's one objection to Burke's taste was his love for Ovid; and it is no uncommon thing in our own day to hear this poet spoken of disparagingly. We wonder how much of this is due to the fact that his detractors know him very little, or know him chiefly through the "Fasti," one of the least vivacious of his works. Something perhaps, too, is to be assigned to school reminiscences of bald construing—the unwelcome, but necessary aid of the classical dictionary, and the thousand painful associations of labor which is not a delight. Grattan's objection, however, must have had more solid foundations. Perhaps there is a sameness in parts of the "Heroides," and the "fatal facility" of Ovid's verse is sure to offend those readers whose jaded appetites seek in poetry for more recondite and less obvious beauties: but as Mr. Gosse has reminded us in his recent work on Gray, "We must beware of the paradox which denies beauty in a work of art *because* beauty has always been discovered there." Surely, of those whose first real acquaintance with Ovid is made after schooldays, there must be many who find a satisfaction in the ease and graceful simplicity of his verse; many who are moved by his pathos and entertained by his humor, as well as by those delightfully modern touches with which the life of a great capital is sure to supply its poet. And may we not put in a word, too, for his aphoristic phrases, which, however familiar the

thought, have always the setting, the *callida junctura*, which only an Augustan poet can give them?

There is another aspect of Ovid's poetry which is sure to attract some readers. Tacitus writes of a contemporary poet, "Suorum ipse flagitiorum proditor." Of no one is this more true than of Ovid; indeed he says of himself, "Ille ego nequitiae Naso poeta meae;" and any writer of antiquity, even of a lower rank than his, who thus carries his personality on the front of his poetry, would be a literary phenomenon worth attention. His garrulity, his vanity, his egoism, his infirmity of purpose, his want of principle, not to speak of the graver faults of this sturdy sinner, are all exposed to the public gaze. To-day he is all hope, to-morrow all despair. In one of his letters he is almost defiant, full of intellectual self-complacency, "Cæsar has no rights over the poet;" in the next he grovels in self-abasement before his imperial judges. An author of so distinguished a name, who thus insists on being known to us with all his weaknesses, is sure to conciliate some pardon and some interest. We are proud in his pride, and humiliated in his humiliation; and if moralists require that the penalty of such sins as his should be made manifest, surely there could be no more ample satisfaction of poetical justice, no more terrible Nemesis for the odious cynicism of the "Ars Amandi," the "nomen amicitiae est," than the pitiful refrain of the "Tristia," that "fides" is dead, and that all are friends of a man's *fortune*, none of himself.

Ovid, we have already said, was the poet of a capital — of a modern era; he does not "let his wayward fancy roam back to those times so different from the present." He has no hankering after a philosophic or sham-philosophic state of nature; he would not even be content, like Grattan, "with a cottage and claret." Rather, like the child in the infant hymn, "he thanks the goodness and the grace which on his birth have smiled." "Prisca juveni alios, ego me nunc denique natum gratulor; hæc ætas moribus apta meis;" though we take leave to doubt whether the "ætas" and the "mores" which made the Roman poet so content, offer quite the same innocent causes of congratulation as those which are supposed to stir the English child.

From the "Ars Amandi" we get much harmless and amusing information about Roman life, its manners and amusements, in the first century of the empire.

Here are some of the minor devices to smooth the course of true love. "Take the lady to see a triumph, and tell her all about it, asked or unasked. Say, 'That is intended for the Euphrates, this for the Tigris; there is the famous Parthian chief.'" Nor need your lionizing be very accurate; it is sure to be acceptable. Play games with her, but never win. Never throw sixes, and take care to lose your queen.\* Go walks with her, and carry her parasol.† To visit often at her house it is necessary to be acquainted, not to say affectionate with the servants, to call them by their names, and shake hands with them — in a word, to practice all those arts which Mr. Pecksniff understood so well. As for writing verses in her honor, their use is doubtful, since the sex is too avaricious to look on them as equivalent to a present; but perhaps the experiment is worth making, for though few women have any culture, all like to be credited with it. Then to the ladies, too, he has something to say. They must show no personal defects, but must wear false hair, and paint and patch without stint to conceal them. But the deception must be complete. Once on his sudden arrival at a house, one of his many flames appeared with her false hair put on back to front. He prays that such a blush as he then witnessed may only be kindled again in a Parthian cheek! Ladies should learn all games of chance. They are very easy, but — and then follows what might have been a motto for a Homburg table — it is not so easy to keep your temper at them.‡

Though he has discouraged their suits from writing verses, and, as we have seen, sneers at female education, he expects the ladies, besides their vocal and instrumental accomplishments (among other hints on this subject they are advised to reproduce the airs they hear in the theatre), to know a good many poets, and not merely song-writers like Anacreon, or amatory poets like Tibullus, but he expressly counsels them to read the *Æneid*. Unfortunately the sex is not athletic, and they cannot compete with one another, like the men, on the Campus Martius, or in the Tiber; but there is a promenade in the Pompeian Gardens, where all who have beauty or elegance may display it. This last word will convey Ovid's general rule in these matters. He would not presume to be heterodox

in fashion, and mere simple beauty,\* or the ruddy glow of health on a country face, seems to have little attraction for him; or perhaps it would be truer to say that he dare not recommend all his private sentiments in these *ex cathedra* utterances as a fashionable professor; for he tells us in the "Amores" that no kind of charm or idiosyncrasy in the sex was lost on him. He adored them all.†

But in this witty poem more serious questions than amusements or fashion are occasionally touched on. Ovid has something to tell the young people on the subject of religion; and we get a curious glimpse of the polite Roman world, clinging to their thousand *antiqui foci*, with the same conservative instinct with which they clung to their obsolete political survivals, and at the same time enjoying the subtle flavor of a laugh at their own simplicity. "I may as well tell you," says Ovid, "that our whole pantheon is an amiable creation of expediency,‡ but by all means let us keep it, it is very useful." (We may compare what Cicero says of the belief in immortality, that it was a good notion, struck out by our ancestors in the interests of the magistrate.) Presently he goes on in a very exalted moral strain. We know of no Epicurean heaven "*semota a nostris rebus sejunctaque longe*." Our god is within us. He is conscience. Conscious innocence will be our divinity. To keep our hands unstained by blood, to scorn treachery, to respect a trust — this is religion. We are afraid that with the exception of the first clause of his creed, the preacher of Sulmo was pretty much of the mind of his countrymen as to a belief in the existence of gods. Expediency required that even in the "*Ars Amandi*" virtue should be assumed to exist, but its claims were not to be too violently insisted on in practice. Hence the slight inconsistency between "*nomen amicitia est*," and "*pietas sua federa servet*." If Ovid thought fit to insult the lifeless corpse of the old faith, it was with no idea of substituting for a dead religion a living morality.

Two virtues, however, we may credit him with — a freedom from rancor or malice, and a contempt for gain and sordid avarice. For the first, he has not depth of nature enough to hate violently. As he says himself, his emotions were easily stirred, and they followed one another in

\* "*Fac pereat vitreo miles ab hoste tuus.*"

† *Umbracula.*

‡ "*Majus opus mores composuisse suos.*"

\* "*Cultus adest, nec nostros mansit in annos Rusticitas, prisca illa superstes avis*"

† "*Noster in has omnes ambitiosus amor.*"

‡ "*Expediit esse deos, et ut expediit esse putamus.*"

such quick succession that there was not time for any one to have a strong predominance. The poem which goes by the name of the "Ibis" — the outpouring of his wrath against a treacherous friend — is too much of a literary exercise, too rich in historical and literary illustrations, to allow of our regarding it as a genuine expression of passion at white heat.

And in the second place we may well believe that a miserly and grasping spirit was foreign to his nature — no common merit in Augustan Rome, where, if Ovid is to be trusted, the worship of the "almighty dollar" was the one worship which defied the sceptics and philosophers. Still we are rather weary of listening to this Aristides, calling himself the just, and wickedly suspect that he is not ill pleased to

Compound for sins he's most inclined to,  
By damning those that he's no mind to.

None we think can doubt that the poet himself was aware now and then of a certain ludicrous inconsistency in the insertion of his copy-book maxims when he is in the very act of recommending all that is basest in practice. If we turn to the "Heroides" we shall see that he makes some of his *dramatis personæ* go through the same farce. Helen feels that the goddess of Spartan respectability insists on indignation, and she declaims about the insult offered to a stainless life by the proposals of the Phrygian stranger; but soon "coming down from her lambics," as Lucian says, she is satisfied with discussing the *practical* difficulties of escaping detection. Ovid cynical is Ovid at his worst. He reminds us of the fearful picture drawn by Thucydides of the moral results of the faction war in Corcyra, "where virtue was laughed down and silenced." It is this that makes the "Ars Amandi" so much worse than the "Amores." "For Heaven's sake," he says, "in a love affair don't make a confidant of your dearest friend. Ten to one he will supplant you. I have done it myself before now." And then with the true Ovidian humor — "Dear! dear! what have I done! laying bare my heart's deepest secrets," as if he ever had a secret for more than ten seconds! With a slight change of meaning we might apply to his autobiographical confidences the old lines: —

His Cupid is a blackguard boy  
That runs his link full in your face.

These confessions, however, are evi-

dently a great comfort to him. He seems to say *liberavi animam meam* — it is my religious exercise. We remember to have heard a story about a Roman Catholic in a distant colony who had not seen a priest for many years. When one arrived, he at once went to confession, the satisfaction of which he presently conveyed to his friends in the words, "Light as a feather! light as a feather!" — we are not concerned to draw the Protestant moral associated with the story, but there is something similar in Ovid's "In mea nunc demens crimina fassus ero," except that "demens" is light-headed rather than light-hearted, and that Ovid, unlike the colonist, harbors some Protestant doubts about the value of confession.\*

His humor is hardly to be guessed at by those who only know the "Fasti." It is seldom or never absent from the "Ars Amandi" and the "Amores," and lights up some of the most sombre epistles of the "Tristia." The saying in the "Amores," "Apte jungitur herous cum brevior modo," may be applied generally to his way of blending the ludicrous with the pathetic. Ariadne mourning for Theseus is really pathetic; but Ovid goes on to describe how she is consoled by Bacchus; and, for the life of him, he cannot help introducing his motley train, with old Silenus and his donkey, and the deep cups which have made him so "malus" an "eques." Again he is miserable and despondent over the barbarism which surrounds his exile. There are the imbecile Scythians who find Latin words ridiculous (not unlike some other barbarians who greet the intelligent foreigner at Folkestone), and the would-be Greeks who wear Persian trousers; but he is consoled with the thought, "Sovereignty even among the blind is something," and he concludes, "Inter Sauromatas ingeniosus ero."

And how modern is the feeling in some of the following hints!

Ladies should be cheerful; the poet never could stand Tecmessa and Andromache (this, by the way, explains why tragedy thought better of offering Ovid the buskin). He cannot fancy Tecmessa whispering *lux mea*, and other pretty little lovers' phrases.

In letter-writing you must not be too eloquent. Declamation is horrid and makes you detested. Ladies must, however, learn to write; solecisms are shocking in a love-letter.

\* "Si quid prodest delicta fateri."



The waters of Baïæ are not always wholesome. Some have come away complaining (like the Frenchman who found society "sweet, but too sweet") that the climate is anything but salubrious.

How amusing it is to see the biter bit, and Venus laughing from her temple hard by the Forum at the lawyers, at the advocates turned clients. Love, he says in another place, is an admirable legal adviser, and will make a scoundrel of you in no time.

This last phrase is from the "Heroides," and there is no lack of humor in that correspondence. Helen understands Paris, and lets him know it. She begs him to lay aside military boasting,\* he does not look the part. He must remember too that he has not deeper feelings than her other admirers, but only more fluency.† Cydippe, ill and miserable, and bored with the post, wonders that her lover Acontius has more of the favor of the gods than herself. "Perhaps to them too he has written a long letter, and they are captivated with the reading of it!"

The second book of the "Tristia" contains a most curious justification of the "Ars Amandi," based on the amount of questionable Roman literature in everybody's hands, and the still more questionable lives of certain men of letters; as well as an enumeration of discreditable precedents in history and mythology, not excluding the origin of the imperial family. Besides, "if every sinner was hit, Jove's arsenal would be empty." Finally the "Tristia" opens with a half-ludicrous, half-pathetic warning to his book, to take its place on his Roman shelves, without holding intercourse with a certain trio it will find there. It is true, he says, that the unhappy poems which cost him his exile only taught what everybody knew, "but I would not have you show affection for them, even though they offer to inspire you with it."

But we have said enough in illustration of our poet's humor, and must before we conclude give a few examples of his tenderness. What can be more pathetic than Hypsipyle's appeal to Jason: "Your children are very like you, any one would

know you for their father. They do not indeed know how to deceive, but all else is their father's." Or the picture of Hermione's desolate childhood: "She only knew Helen for her mother, because she was so beautiful;" or Leander's "light of love, the only star in heaven above;"\* or Laodamia's charming dream of Proteus narrating his "moving accidents by flood and field," and the delightful kisses that interrupted the narrator; or Dido's "Let me be called your hostess, not your bride. Dido will bear to be anything, so she be yours;" or again, Canace's petition for the "urn however tiny" to hold the ashes of guilty mother and slaughtered child; or lastly, Briseis' pitiful entreaty to Achilles: "I shall not be a heavy burden on your fleet." Each and all of these show the real elegiac feeling, genuine self-compassion, or tearful reproach; or else, as in the instance of Laodamia's tremulous joy, there is the true tragic irony of a partly-told tale, whose sad catastrophe all the world knows.

There is much surely in all this, in his humor, in his *naïveté*, in his modern tone, in the music of his verse, and the sweetness of his pathos, to command for Ovid at least the respectful mention of lovers of poetry: they may grant that he is not profound and still retain for him his rights among the "Heliconiadum comites."

We may recall an English poet who has not consulted Ovid in vain, and to whom one of the first of living critics has not hesitated to assign a very high place in our poetry. Against Herrick this same charge of want of depth must be brought, yet he is rarely disparaged on this account. Though these two poets are different in many ways, they have this in common, that the ruling divinities of their style are simplicity and brightness. And if any one compares, by way of criticism, "the shallow streams that run dimpling all the way," we freely confess our gratitude for the dimples, and our preference for such a Highland burn over the unlit gulfs, the abysmal profundities of the obscurantists, which rarely emit one ray of intelligence, and then only to the initiated.

\* "Bella gerant fortes—tu, Pari semper ama."

† "Nec tibi plus cordis, sed magis oris adest."

\* "Publica non curat sidera noster amor."